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Democracy and the British
Tradition

CHRISTOPHER DAWSON

Philosophical Studies at Oxford

VINCENT TURNER

A Dialogue on Mr. Eliot's
Poem

CHARLES WILLIAMS

The Liberation of Aristocracy

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DEMOCRACY AND THE BRITISH TRADITION

Reflections on Government. By Ernest Backer. (Oxford, 1942. Pp. 424. 21s.)

The Modern Democratic State. By A. D. Lindsay. Vol. I. (Oxford, 1943. Pp. 286. 12s. 6d.)

The English Countryman. By H. J. Massingham. (London: Batsford, 1942. Pp. 148. 16s.)

Britain and the British People. By Ernest Barker. (The World Today Series.) (Oxford, 1942. Pp. 141. 3s. 6d.)

THE revolutionary changes that have taken place during the two world wars and the emergence of the totalitarian state have produced a corresponding change in the character of political discussion. There has certainly been no lack of political controversy in recent years. On the contrary, especially during the last three years, it has been increasing both in range and intensity. But partly for that very reason, and partly owing to the abnormal conditions imposed by the war and the parliamentary truce, it has broken the traditional cadres of political debate and confused or obscured the old party landmarks. In the past the English political system owed much of its success to its strict adherence to the party formula. It was, in fact, a great national sport which was pursued with the same competitive and personal loyalty which characterizes the Englishman's attitude to his favourite football team. Today the old game of follow-my-leader has lost its appeal. The public attitude to parties and party programmes is far more critical than formerly; but on the other hand, while there is less faith in politicians there is more faith in politics. Men demand and expect far more from the State than in any previous age. They believe, as only the revolutionaries and visionaries of the past believe, that it is possible to replan society so as to eliminate poverty and insecurity and achieve equal standards, or at least much higher standards, for everybody: in work, wealth and leisure; in health and housing and happiness; in education and social opportunity and political power. If our existing society and political tradition are judged by this criterion, the differences are so wide that no real comparison is possible, and there is a danger that this unlimited and absolute conception of democracy may become a "total" ideology which will be no less remote from the reality of democracy as

it exists in practice than are the other totalitarian systems. In fact we find two schools of thought, one of which regards "liberal democracy" as dead and incapable of resurrection, while the other maintains its faith in democracy in the absolute sense, but denies that the traditional British system is in any real sense a democratic one, and looks elsewhere—to America, or to Russia, or to the Brave New World—for its realization.

Now it is true, and it is important to realize it, that the British tradition has seldom been regarded in the eyes of the world as a democratic one. The British myth has assumed many different forms in different ages and countries. It took definite shape in the eighteenth century under the influence of the French enlightenment, and wherever we find it today—in France and Italy, in Germany and Russia, in the United States and even in the Far East—it still retains traces of its eighteenth-century origin. But though John Bull, with his aggressive individualism, his imperial contempt for "foreigners" and his feudal respect for rank and property, has long ceased to be even a caricature of the national type, it must be admitted that he was once real enough, and that it was his England, and not the England of Shakespeare and Donne or the England of Noel Coward and Mrs. Miniver, that has impressed itself most firmly on the consciousness of the world.

But if we admit that Britain in the past has never been a democracy, we may also ask whether modern democracy would ever have come into existence without the British experience and the British contribution. Britain has, in fact, been the workshop in which the forms and institutions of the modern democratic state were fashioned. For in this country, and in this country alone, we find a continuous process of development that connects the mediaeval system of communal representation with the later parliamentary system, and this again with modern constitutional democracy.

Thus English parliamentary government, which was the direct descendent of the mediaeval estates, became the ancestor of the colonial assemblies and colonial self-government, and these in turn formed the constitutional and historical basis on which the founders of the United States built their new model of a free State which inaugurated the modern democratic movement in Western civilization. It is true that continental democracy owes more to the French Revolution than to the American or the English. But the French Revolution itself was profoundly affected by American and British influences, and during the following century of political change the influence of British parliamentarism intervened again and again with decisive effect.

Nor has the British contribution to democracy been limited to the political sphere. It was in England, not in America or Russia, that the seeds of industrial democracy were sown. If modern socialism owes its revolutionary inspiration to its continental background, non-revolutionary socialism—social democracy, as distinct from dictatorial socialism—is an English creation which arose as a spontaneous protest of English society against the development of a proletariat, that is to say a non-citizen class or a class whose political rights were entirely irrelevant to their social welfare.

At the present time it is the problem of realizing social democracy in a more or less total form that preoccupies men's minds. But it would be a mistake to assume that the British tradition has no longer any contribution to make, since it occupies the same central position today between the abstract idealism of total democracy and the brutal realism of the totalitarian mass state as it held in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries between the ideal republicanism of the Revolution and the traditional absolutism of the Ancien Régime and the Restoration. We should therefore be grateful to Dr. Barker and the Master of Balliol for their thoughtful and learned contributions to the world's debate, for they both present the case for democracy in its typically and traditionally British form. Neither of them writes as a Conservative, yet it is this British view of democracy, far more than the neo-Conservative ideal represented, for example, by Mr. Massingham's book, which is today in danger of being set aside without serious examination as a "Victorian" survival. We are apt to forget that it was not Bentham and James Mill, but Ruskin and Morris, Marx and Engels, Manning and Maurice, that were the products of the Victorian era. Not that Dr. Barker and Dr. Lindsay are Benthamites. On the contrary, they both take a definitely anti-utilitarian view of the State, and Dr. Lindsay in particular makes an illuminating analysis of the philosophic error that underlies so-called "scientific" politics, and which he traces from Hobbes, "the father of us all" (as Marx called him), scientific individualists and scientific socialists alike. Both writers, however, remain distinctively Liberal in their conception of the State as the servant of the community and its function as the maintenance of a system of rights which are not only legal and political but economic and social or cultural and religious. This is the real issue. For whatever ideological disguises it may assume, it is impossible to deny that in the totalitarian States of today, as in the absolute monarchies of the past, it is the people that is the servant of the State, and the mission of the latter is not to maintain a system of rights

but to enforce an organization of power. From the standpoint of total democracy, this control by the community over its government may seem a simple and elementary right; nevertheless, it is a rare achievement, which was only won by centuries of labour and struggle. Nor is it probable that we should ever have done so had it not been that circumstances in this country were exceptionally favourable to the creation of a homogeneous and self-conscious civil society. Our political achievement was not due to our being wiser or better than other nations, but mainly to our good fortune in being sheltered for centuries from the storms of war and invasion that have periodically devastated the rest of the world. It was only in Britain that conditions permitted a purely *civilian* society to develop itself freely without the intrusion of the military factor which in so many other countries determined the whole social development by the iron law of necessity. England is the land of the open town, the open village and the country house, as against the walled cities of the continent, and the village which huddles for protection under the castle wall or is itself a little fortress like those on the Mediterranean Riviera.

Of course, traces of the older warlike conditions still survive in the English land. There is a famous house in the Midlands where the feudal keep is still inhabitable and inhabited, while the palace that was built to take its place lies empty and ruinous, but these survivals are themselves a paradoxical result of a peaceful development which has left those monuments as fossilized relics of a vanished world. Even the great noble who constructed the Duke's Building at Bolsover was no feudal baron, but the descendant of a family of London drapers who had already acquired wealth and social importance before the Reformation. The social fluidity of which this is an example is typical of the English system. Though class distinctions have always played a great part in English life, they have never formed closed orders or hereditary castes. On the Continent the nobility, the bourgeoisie and the peasantry were separate social orders and almost separate species of men. But in England there was continual circulation and interpenetration between the different social levels. The merchant became a knight, the yeoman became a squire, the knight's son became a merchant, the knight of the shire sat in Parliament with the representatives of the boroughs and was himself frequently not of knightly rank.*

Hence from the later Middle Ages onwards there was an increasing differentiation between the English upper class and the Continental nobility, between the middle class and the Conti-

* In 1325 only 27 of the 74 knights of the shires were actually knights.

mental bourgeoisie, and between the English countryman and the Continental peasantry. It is true that the third of these changes was by no means all to our advantage and that the liquidation of the peasant class has been the greatest wrong and tragedy in English history. This is the argument of Mr. Massingham's book, which is a sincere and passionate defence of the peasant element in the English tradition as the forgotten spring of our national life. But true as his fundamental thesis is, its interpretation of our tradition is a partial one which recalls the "Dream of John Ball" in its idealization of the mediaeval pattern. It is true that the Industrial Revolution destroyed the old peasant England, but it was not simply by the depression of the yeomanry into a class of lordless labourers. It was the yeoman class that created the new industrial England, and the evils of the industrial system themselves were largely due to the fact that it was created in a peasant spirit and that the new towns were not cities in the Continental sense but overgrown villages, without planning or civic institutions. But while the peasant background of English industrialism is responsible for some of its harshest and most ugly features, it also preserved an element of social homogeneity which was directly contrary to its economic tendencies. The most industrialized regions of England were also those in which the yeoman tradition was strongest and most persistent, and there was an unbroken social continuity between the peasant industry of the Pennines so graphically described by Defoe and the industrial society of the same region two centuries later.

Moreover, the same yeoman tradition that played so great a part in the Industrial Revolution also inspired the movement of resistance to its social evils. This movement found its typical representative in Cobbett, the greatest popular agitator of his time. And Cobbett was above all a yeoman who stood for the old ways against the new landlordism and the enclosures, against the new industrialism and the factories, against the new financial powers and the "tax-eaters". The tradition of Cobbett was carried on by the Tory Democrats, men like Richard Oastler and the two Fieldens, the Methodist preacher J. R. Stephens and Michael Sadler, who led the movement for factory legislation and the great agitation against the New Poor Law in the North. And on the other hand there were the British Socialists, who conducted a vigorous propaganda during the 1820's and 1830's mainly through the Owenite movement.

Both these elements gradually merged in the Chartist movement, in which the democratic aspirations of the new industrial society achieved full, though confused, expression. In spite of its purely political programme it was essentially a crusade for

social democracy, and its failure was due, above all, to the conflict between the constitutionalism of the British tradition, represented by Lovett and the London Working Men's Association, and the revolutionary activism of Feargus O'Connor, Bronterre O'Brien, Julian Harney and Ernest Jones.* The failure of Chartism discredited the revolutionary idea in England and turned the energies of English social democracy into the channel of the Trade Union movement. This had already been the policy of the co-operative socialism preached by Owen, and still more of the syndicalist wing of the movement, which was opposed alike to Owen's utopian ideals and to the optimism of the political reformers. They believed, as J. E. Smith wrote in 1834, that "social liberty must precede political liberty". "Our position is not political, and it cannot become political with any advantage to ourselves until we have found means to obtain a greater independent weight in society. This can only be the result of Unions."†

And this is what actually occurred in the subsequent period. In England, unlike the Continent, the social and economic development of Labour preceded its political action, so that today Labour has obtained through the Trade Unions an "independent weight in society" such as the landowners possessed during the earlier period. This is in fundamental accordance with the British tradition and has involved no breach in the continuity of our political development or the homogeneity of our social life. Nevertheless the external conditions of our national policy have meanwhile been transformed in the most radical fashion, and it remains to be seen whether the British tradition will be strong enough to withstand the impact of the new world forces. For we are no longer a sheltered society. The centuries of peaceful development which made the British experiment possible have been ended by the two world wars, and our whole social life is being transformed by the pressure of military necessity. It is not simply a question of victory or defeat; it is that total war, even when it is successful, alters the relation between the State and the community and changes the scale of cultural values and social ethics. War means the temporary suspension of civil rights; the substitution of government by order for government by discussion; in short, the reassertion of the principle of sovereignty in its simplest form—*imperium*. And it is obvious that

* Feargus O'Connor was an Irish agrarian and the other three were inspired by the tradition of the French Revolution and were in close sympathy with the international revolutionary movement of the '40's.

† The same principle inspired Lovett's "new organization of the people" in 1841, a scheme for a national system of popular education, financed and controlled by the workers independently of the State.

this is much more difficult to reconcile with the British conception of the State as the servant of all than with the totalitarian idea of the State as an organization of mass power.

This does not mean that our society is incapable of adjusting itself to the needs of total war—events have proved the contrary—but it does mean our society is exposed to new conditions that are unfavourable to liberty in the widest sense. The issue is not a simple one between democratic and anti-democratic tendencies; it is rather the danger of the internal transformation of democracy itself under the pressure of new forces. It is difficult to resist this danger by purely political means, for it is due to sociological changes that alter the ground of politics and that extend, on the other hand, beyond politics to what Dr. Lindsay terms the "operative ideals" of society, which the modern democratic state derived consciously or unconsciously from the common heritage of Christian culture. We have seen in Europe how the loss of social security, due to war or revolution, has been accompanied by a deliberate reaction against this tradition and an attempt to introduce new "operative ideals" which were often hastily improvised in order to meet the needs of the immediate political situation. The present world war is the nemesis of these titanic attempts to reverse the true order of being and to subordinate spiritual to material ends. But we have to face the same problems and the same temptations, and unless we recognize the subordination of politics to higher ends there is no hope for democracy or for the survival of the British tradition. The worst friends of democracy are those who argue that the common man is not interested in spiritual ends, that democracy is a "knife and fork" question (to use the Chartist phrase), and that our culture must be levelled down to mass standards. But if democracy means nothing more than the insistence on social uniformity and the exaltation of the mass will of society over minorities and individuals, it is a reversion to barbarism; for it brings us back again to the undifferentiated unity of primitive tribal culture.

And consequently the preservation of the spiritual and personal values in our society and national tradition is not a mere matter of ideological window-dressing or sentimental "uplift", but a vital practical issue for the survival of western civilization.

C. DAWSON.

PHILOSOPHICAL STUDIES AT OXFORD: SOME REFLECTIONS

IN a time like the present, when besides the urgency of the fighting we are made aware of radical disagreements on what is good and bad and on the kind of life a man ought to live, it is natural that many should look for their roots and review their beliefs. In the course of such reflections it is not surprising that they should be irritated to discover they have no Ariadne's thread to cling to and in irritation should revile their teachers. A Christian will complain that, even if the moral doctrines of his Church are firm and unambiguous, little dispassionate effort is made by the apologists of them to exhibit their reasonableness or dissolve genuine worries about them. Others who have no such doctrines to rely on, or who are critical and suspect that the doctrines they were taught are unsightly formulated, will cast about for an inerrant guide to wisdom in a philosophy and, unable to discover the ordnance map they are in search of, will condemn the philosophers and the universities whose business it is to breed them.

What might be called "failure-literature" is almost a literary genre, and it is as natural as it is proper that Oxford should not go unscathed. For are not *Literae Humaniores* the foster-parent of many potent civil servants of the Crown? Moreover, the criticism has come from within. In his *Autobiography* the late Professor Collingwood (*quem honoris causa nomino*) left more than one reader with an impression that the responsibility for Munich rested really with none other than John Cook Wilson, the Wykeham Professor of Logic from 1889 to 1915. More soberly he attacked Cook Wilson and his disciples for making of philosophical thinking a thing independent of other thinkings and autonomous, disinterested in the sense of being insulated—in a word, as futile as a game played for the fun of it. The men about Cook Wilson, he says, were "proud to have excogitated a philosophy so pure from the sordid taint of utility that they could lay their hands on their hearts and say it was no use at all". Their pupils learnt the fashion, dissolved their minds, and henceforward left the business of thinking to fools and knaves. Such is the *trabison des clercs*, the sinister reality behind the bland courtesies of modern Oxford.

I cite him since *An Autobiography* has already provided many texts for crusaders. A different type of criticism, though one closely akin and at some points coincident with Collingwood's,

is that put out by Catholics and Communists. Miss Rosalind Murray's *The Good Pagan's Failure* is a fair Catholic sample of it. "Liberalism" is a term often found in the vocabulary of these critics, and sometimes it is used with propriety and discernment, sometimes it shifts like a chameleon and becomes a slogan. Political Philosophy as exemplified in Oxford, the Communist will say, is liberal in the sense of utopian, even romantic; it neglects power and the police force and is ignorant of the motives that actuate real people; in a word, it is donnish. Moral philosophy as exemplified in Oxford, the Catholic will say, is liberal in the sense that its subject-matter is simply what human beings ought to do, what kind of life is good and in what sense good, and so on; it is not human beings as creatures of God, existing in such a relation to God that His nature and the destiny of weal or woe that He has assigned them are in some sense integral to or even perhaps constitutive of human goodness, or at any rate that the study of human goodness is in some sense logically dependent on theistic beliefs. Such critics are often tempted to utter dark sayings about "indeavour humanism" or "mere human virtue" and to aver that an Oxford moralist is unwittingly batten- ing on the relics of a Christian European culture and that his philosophy, being in reality parasitic, will starve when it has to confront this bleak world alone and will collapse in a crisis.

Such are the sorts of reflections that in one quarter or another are coming to engross the attention of not a few. It is well that they should. The myopia that ensues on custom and routine does indeed beset even that highly competent, conscientious and hard-working man, the Oxford tutor. But even more than he, the Catholic teacher of philosophy would do well to deepen his reflections and take stock, for the vices that beset him are more often uncharity and complacency, and an immodest assumption of superiority that springs from a conviction that philosophic wisdom lies in his peculiar care.

The tradition of moral philosophy at Oxford (it is perhaps just possible to handle it shortly without too gross simplification and injustice to its complexity) is not only distinguished; it is lively. It has its moments of sickness and even *accidie*, as well as its rhythm of health. It is not statable in a series of propositions. Its effects on men brought up in it are not of any single kind. In fact, as has just been said, it is alive. It is accordingly a very difficult subject to give information about.

It is possible, however, to indicate clearly and simply one feature of the whole of it, as of the whole of Greats philosophy, and this feature is worth indicating, since agreement or disagreement with the method of philosophical training that it involves

will in the end control the rest of our stock-taking. In 1831 (we are in "Newman's Oxford") the moral philosophy paper in "schools", a single question for an essay, quotes Paley on the distinction between "acts of duty" and "acts of prudence", and continues: "Examine the grounds and consequences of this principle, and show by a discussion of all the authorities with which you are acquainted that the obligations of morality are perfect *in themselves*." This is as little in the Oxford manner as Dr. Johnson is, and its dogmatism, the direction to prove a thesis, is hardly imaginable in contemporary Oxford. It is idle to attempt to father the Oxford manner or "Greats' ethos", or what is good and bad in either, on anyone; yet it does seem very probable that without the Platonic Socrates the Oxford tradition would have been very different from what it has become. Study of Plato and Aristotle seems to have been prescribed to the late 'fifties. The pair figure in the Schools' paper of 1863, and it is hardly a coincidence that the papers of this year are undogmatic and genuinely speculative and suggest that philosophy is being philosophically studied.* They have been studied without interruption ever since, sometimes with great penetration, always competently, and their effects on Oxford's philosophical habits have been very great indeed.

Now, Aristotle is not at all the system-maker that the mediaevals, misled perhaps by the modesty of St. Thomas, made him out to be. His method is "aporetic": he proceeds by a discussion of problems; in ethics it is also "dialectical": he proceeds by a discussion of what people think about good and bad; he is unsystematic, inductive, empirical in temper. In all this he is but following his master, for Plato's ethical procedure is just as little deductive and "metaphysical" and his philosophical temper is even more tentative and undogmatically patient, one of reflection, inducing his disciple to follow the argument wherever it leads. Moreover, Plato's academic practice was regulated by the conviction that philosophy could not be taught or learnt as rhetoric, for example, could be: it demanded a shared life and enquiry with friends, and throughout was a personal discovery, though under guidance, or else not philosophy at all but a propounding of a system of beliefs or apologetics in defence of them.

It is just this method and temper that has informed Oxford philosophy—or did so until yesterday, when the influx into the Isis of the Danube and the Cam and a new conception of the nature of philosophy prompted a few younger men to pursue tough-mindedness, to publish quasi-manifestos and to carry out

* The facts and some of the conclusions of this paragraph I owe to a paper by G. R. G. Mure of Merton College.

a programme. It is Plato's method and temper that is responsible for what is serious in the Oxford spirit or ethos, call it what you will, in philosophical studies. The method is congenial to the English, particularly in ethics, as the eighteenth century shows, and the temper is one that, it would seem, is more intimately respected in our climate and more often achieved. It may be that moral virtue is so closely involved. Both method and temper are in sharp contrast not only to totalitarian beliefs about the nature of a university education but also to any ideal of education that puts the emphasis on stocking the mind rather than on training it. Storage there must be, since there is no approach to philosophy, not even for the odd genius, except by way of the philosophical study of philosophical works—a study that also involves not a little historical knowledge; a student cannot be trained except by being given solid food to bite on. But the emphasis is not on filling the mind with beliefs, however true and precious; it is on showing what it is like to think philosophically.*

The results may be deplorable, and for some little time often are. One very eminent Oxford philosopher has been described as the most dissolvent mind of his generation, and the description (which is in fact unjust) was intended as a compliment. The abler undergraduates and young graduates in Greats, it is commonly and not altogether incorrectly believed, tend to sting a discussion into paralysis and aphasia. It is no new thing. "What do you mean?" is the signature-tune that long ago Aristophanes put into the mouth of one of Socrates's adepts. There is some danger, too, that the less able or the lazy man may go down with a habit of scepticism and cynicism, a Montaigne without his wisdom, a candidate for the "not-so-very intelligentia". This is the gloomier side. On the other side you have a mind fit and disciplined, a good eye for the trickery of words and the confusion of thoughts, and an invulnerability to nonsense: you have accuracy and sanity, great scrupulousness and mental honesty, a readiness both to listen to anyone who may have light to throw and to reject him ruthlessly if he cannot "give an account" of himself; you have a disposition to recognize hardly won truth and insight.

* "Christian education," writes Lord Elton, "as distinct from education which derives from Christian origins, or inherits Christian traditions, is not education in a particular subject, but a particular kind of education in all subjects. The Nazi school is not a school which devotes an hour a week to teaching a certain creed, but a school which teaches everything in a certain way." True: but one would feel more satisfaction with thinkers like Lord Elton if their reflections left room, without contradiction, for such higher education as proceeds by way of *disinterested* studies. For there are such studies, and I take it that a Christian may pursue them, and that he owes it to the Majesty of God to pursue them *disinterestedly*.

Estimable qualities, surely; and they may be found, after a man has gone down, without any continued devotion to professional philosophy at all; for Oxford never conceals the gravity of the difficulties that beset philosophical thinking and the unlikelihood that any "system" is through and through sound or ever will be, or the exhausting labour that philosophy imposes.

It must be understood that in all this I am speaking in the first place of training in moral philosophy. What I have said, true enough for the first quarter of this century, is ceasing to be true, alas, of not a few men who during the last decade or so have found their dominant interest in the much more exciting topics of logic and metaphysics. Ethics is still on the whole uninfected, but of late metaphysical studies, especially as carried on in the newer Logics, have *tended* to evoke the iconoclasm of the young and to produce in some a hide-bound, fashion-dominated "no flies on me" attitude of mind, with an almost pathological incomprehension of metaphysical or other insights and a set of almost morbid aversions—in fact a new kind of dogmatism, however subtle. But this is a very long story and it is not yet near its end. I have simplified it and therefore been not quite just.

The consequences, then, of an Oxford training may be good or bad; inevitably, so long as this conception of what philosophy is is preserved and young men are none the less admitted to a philosophy course for a period of no more than three years. In any case, an ambitious instrument of education, it would surely seem, is not the kind of thing that can be stamped with a guarantee. Plato himself was well aware what the results might be, and accordingly protracted university studies over a long period of years and was insistent on a sort of philosophic novitiate, convinced that a sound and thorough education was an indispensable precondition of sound and sane philosophizing; Aristotle thought ethics not a fit subject for young men to tackle. Perhaps philosophical study is too dangerous to be an instrument of training—though I believe its absence is far more dangerous—and it may be that Oxonians, like most moderns, are wrong in rejecting the classical conception of man that they are acquainted with from the pages of the *Republic*. But if one believes that the sole aim of philosophical education is the habituation to a set of conclusions, then it is better to teach these conclusions frankly and not to claim that in excogitating "proofs" of them one is thinking as a philosopher thinks or achieving knowledge.

So far I have been concerned only with spirit and temper, for these things, however imponderable, are of first importance. It would be fascinating to observe how because of them men like

Green and Bradley (*Ethical Studies* excepted) and Joachim domiciled and transformed even a Hegel. It would be interesting, too, to reflect on these philosophers for their own sakes, since it is often said (and magisterially said) that these men stood with the angels and opened glimpses of Higher Things, whereas the generation that succeeded them battened down the hatches and thrived on negations. Oddly enough, this is the reverse of the truth. Not only do British idealists (for all their polish and urbanity) show surprising resemblances to the present-day positivists, but in theology and religion one finds in them that Hegelian "hinting and deceiving" that elsewhere they eschewed; certainly—and here they part company with the empirically-minded—they could not attach any great importance to the Incarnation as a historical event, and even Green, himself a deeply religious man, "was on the whole content to see in the dogmas of Christianity an imaginative presentation of that immanence of God in the human spirit which was to him the open secret of human life as its story unveils itself before the philosophic 'spectator of all time and of all existence'".* I quote Dr. C. C. J. Webb, for he has lived in idealist Oxford and I have not.

But in any case it is in Oxford of the first quarter of this century that men now in their maturity grew up, and though philosophies cannot be severed with a hatchet this is the Oxford of the liberalist rogues' gallery: Cook Wilson, H. A. Prichard, H. W. B. Joseph, W. D. Ross, E. F. Carritt (to name the chief villains of the piece) were teaching then and some still are. Cook Wilson, their master, was both one of the best Aristotelian scholars and one of the subtlest philosophers of our time. It is unfortunate that his most important publication is a posthumous book pieced together from lecture notes. It is also unfortunate that a large part of his active life was occupied in clearing the decks by criticism and in purging his pupils of temporary fashions and cheap solutions. But though indeed in such writings as are extant he shows himself to have been a Platonist in ethics (if one may affix a label), it is Cook Wilson's positive doctrine, particularly his distinction of knowledge and belief and his doctrine of what it is that we *know*, that engendered what has come to be called the Oxford school in moral philosophy, or "deontological intuitionism". This is not the occasion to summarize its doctrines, which in any case are well and clearly argued in not a few books and articles whose perusal should be

* And compare Moberley's essay "God and the Absolute" in *Foundations* with Chap. XV of Bradley's *Essays on Truth and Reality*.

a part of the ordinary professional duties of a scholastic moralist. The school is as unmetaphysical and as non-scholastic, if by metaphysics you mean something akin to a deductive system, as Plato and Aristotle are; it clings fast to what it does see quite clearly and affirms against a cloud of deceivers that duty is duty and not interest, and that if we *know* we ought to do something because we directly see it to be our duty, then we do know it and are not with propriety to be edged out of our knowledge, whether by a hedonist who avers we are really seeking our pleasure or by a theologian who says we cannot immediately know right or wrong, but only by some (logical) mediation, i.e. if we hold such and such beliefs about God or immortality. (The school has perhaps for a long time to come swept away the psychological sophistication that in spite of Bishop Butler has been the curse of the English tradition.) It declares that any *summum bonum* theory as customarily understood (that morality consists in the taking of means to some single specifiable end, or type of activity alternative to others)—and here it is in agreement with Plato and about half of Aristotle—is a distortion of moral experience; and in the effort not to distort it is content to refuse tidiness and neatness and system. It does not think that all moral rules are absolute or unconditional rules or, if you like, that there is an unconditionally absolute codified Natural Law, just as Plato and Aristotle did not; yet it is not for one minute either “relativist” or “subjectivist”. Its Cook Wilsonian epistemology has led it into an itemization of the moral life that generates more puzzles than it solves; it has certainly led it to take for granted, instead of very carefully scrutinizing, the apparent mutual independence of ethical and non-ethical judgements; its concern for the purification of Ethics from the “Naturalistic Fallacy” has induced an abstractness and a neglect of the pre-suppositions of intuitions in Morals that in the end, perhaps, makes unintelligible the history of ethical ideas and of consciences; its rock-firm realism has perhaps betrayed it into one downright fantastic doctrine, that kinds of acts are “prima facie” right, put a claim on one though not an obligation (an effort to settle the problem of the “conflict of duties”).* It is these views, however, that have stimulated some of the most valuable discussions about Ethics that philosophy in England, or anywhere else, has ever

* This may need explanation. It is not tenable that there is an absolute duty not to do A, for instance, and an absolute duty not to do B if it is logically possible for a moral agent to find himself in such circumstances that the avoidance of A, to which he is obliged, involves doing B. The kind of solution of this problem that is offered is an excellent test both of the soundness and of the quality of any moral philosophy.

witnessed, and elicited from men like Mr. Joseph and Professor A. E. Taylor reflections on the theory of Morals the quality of which, I should even make bold to say, has hardly been approached since the days of the Academy and the Lyceum. However, it is of chief interest for this article to reflect on the effects of such doctrines on the philosophical youth of Oxford, on what it is that consideration of them does to the soul.

I have heard it said on several sides that the effect, reinforced by contemporary performances in logic, has been to impoverish men and to convince them that philosophy is a verbalistic study of futility. This is quite untrue. No doubt men do go down in the belief that philosophy is verbal jugglery; it is quite certainly the case that Henry Ford did declare that "history is bunk". (It is sometimes said, too, that some of the circle that came to be called Bloomsbury made a bible of *Principia Ethica*—yet is therefore G. E. Moore, of all people, to be blamed for it or for them?) As a rule the effect is quite different. The "Oxford moralist" is marked by a patience and modesty, an intellectual honesty and integrity that are rare in many another quarter; he is marked too by sanity. He does not think that a man who disagrees with him is either for that reason unintelligent or deficient in the Higher Moral Sentiments. He is not hostile either to Natural Theology or to dogmatic religion: nothing would interest him more than the clarification of what, if anything, is implied in moral judgements or presupposed by them; he will have nothing of a simple dependence of ethics on theology or religion, simply because if there is independent and immediate knowledge in ethics it is not honest to speculate as if there were not. Liberalism in religion he would scout, however, with some heat, for he insists that everything is what it is and not another thing, and is not the man to turn ethics into spilt religion or to confound either with the history of taste or of "the spirit of man". And these characteristics can be infectious.

It is beyond doubt a very great pity, and a grave loss, that on the assumption that the existence and nature of God are in some way mediately knowable the relevance to ethics of the divine existence and nature is not investigated. It is a pity, too, that on the assumption of the soul's immortality and destiny the relevance of its possible future history to the nature of the self is not reflected on. No doubt silence on these things may be interpreted as tacit denial of their relevance and their truth and as an affirmation of positivism. But what is to be done? Who can control human suggestibility? Natural Theology is neither despised by the philosophers I have named nor shelved on the grounds that Kant has settled all that (perhaps no philosopher

has been more devastatingly scrutinized in Oxford than Kant); there is scepticism about its procedure and conclusions for the reason that many grave preliminary questions need to be answered before one can begin to proceed, questions that no known philosopher appears on reflection to have answered quite satisfactorily.

Were there a lively and intelligent, a modest and communicative Catholic culture in England, we might, as we should, contribute what we have and Oxford might have more air to breathe. As it is, with some distinguished exceptions, we entertain a naïvely optimistic belief, it would appear, that a man who disagrees with the Schoolmen, and above all with St. Thomas, is either disagreeing in ignorance or, having studied them, has misunderstood them or is obstructed by a glaze of prejudice. In fact, of course, such a belief ill befits men who for the most part, in spite of some few shining examples, display an incomprehension of other philosophers and an incuriosity towards what they may be trying to say that are intelligible only if thinking in this field is so simple and easy as to be proof against the shock of great philosophers: but the enemy is not for ever at the gates and humility has a place even among the intellectual virtues. However this may be, the belief is as untrue as it is uncharitable. Not a few Oxford philosophers pay us the compliment of seriously reading our books (sometimes with pathetic eagerness)—a compliment that few of us return; St. Thomas is read, and among the moderns M. Gilson.

It is these grave preliminary questions, as I have called them, that lie at the back, though far at the back, of contemporary Oxford's metaphysical absorption in some aspects of "analysis", problems of perception, necessary propositions and so on. It is not the case that all the men are necessarily quibbling here, playing with tricks and juggling with counters. It is the case that—if I may take an example—on the perceptual level some kind of sense-datum theory or phenomenalist theory is the most apparently satisfactory theory to account for perceptual problems, and yet that if one adopts such a theory one seems committed not only to a very Pickwickian account of the material world but also to a general epistemology of a conventionalist or Kantian kind that is certainly paradoxical and in turn involves very difficult views of the nature of necessity. Until such a problem is either solved by being directly settled or dissolved by being shown to be a pseudo-problem (as it probably is), it is too early to expect headway to be made with Natural Theology. And even then it is only a beginning that has been made.

Of course I do not deny that to miss the wood for the trees is

the besetting sin of the realist, just as to miss the trees for the wood is that of the idealist. Nor do I deny, echoing complaints of both Prof. Broad and Dr. Ewing, that it is the analysts of "the meaning of propositions" nowadays who argue most competently, and the philosophers with something of genuine importance to say who argue most clumsily and confusedly. But I do deny the implication of C. E. M. Joad's stirring appeals to philosophers, as I do the strictures that I quoted at the outset, that in Oxford we pass our days in such manner that the young are left exposed to the first sophist that comes. I am indeed only too keenly aware that exigencies of brevity have excluded any concrete exhibition of philosophical procedure in the Oxford manner—yet who runs may read, and a book such as Joseph's *Essays in Ancient and Modern Philosophy* (1936) is a fair sample for whoever would see it. I repeat that incompetence and laziness (characteristics not unknown in undergraduates) masquerade not rarely in the guise of superior wisdom, in philosophy as in the arts, and I would add that the charge of verbalism and sophistry is the oldest of all charges that philosophers have been invited to admit. It is not remarkable that all that is said of modern Oxford was also said by contemporary Athens about Plato and Aristotle and the performances of the Academy and the Lyceum: witness besides Isocrates, Amphis, Alexis, Antiphanes (they are quoted in Athenaeus x, 448a; xiii, 610e; iii, 98 f), to call only three witnesses. But mental discipline and disinterested studies have consequences in the soul apart from their results, and it is not men who have harvested their Oxford that listen with patience and reverence to a Brains Trust, nor is it a Louis MacNeice who is utterly gulled by Freud.

Of course, to be uninfected by the climate one breathes, to be detached and disenchanted with fashions, are perhaps the hardest things a man can set himself to achieve, and philosophers are as liable to these sorts of virus as any man. But so too are Catholics. We are not, for instance, very sensitive to complexity. For that reason we are in particular need of the capacity for discernment in our stock-taking and our judgements on our own and others' intellectual performances: there seems to be a hint of a straightforward philosophical (and, indeed, historical) orthodoxy that a man must, it is suggested, profess if he is to be a loyal member of the Body of Christ. But how comprehensive or how straitened is such an orthodoxy in philosophy? In a sharp-edged sentence M. l'Abbé Huvelin once said: "Oui, vous avez horreur de 'bonne philosophie', 'bien pensant', parce que vous cherchez la vérité, point l'orthodoxie; il faut que l'orthodoxie s'arrange avec la vérité—c'est son affaire à elle". The edge is

sharp, but the import is wise enough for a von Hügel to think it worth preserving.*

In the last resort, of course, we must decide precisely in what sense of "disinterested" we recognize the claims of disinterested studies; for philosophy is such a study. How far is any disinterested activity, whether in philosophy or in the arts, compatible with a directive to produce certain specified results? The answer is not a simple one; nor is it a simple matter to explain how it is that such activities, as Michael Roberts has put it, are like learning to swim: you feel you will drown if you leave hold of supports, but unless you have the courage to let go you will never swim or even float. It is far from Anselmian or Thomistic to label disinterested reflection a relic of secular liberalism; nor is it carefully pondered, for it invites a proper, but idle, retort about the nature of clerical and other fascism.

There are no more short cuts to insight or understanding than there are to coherent systematization, and neither philosophy nor theology is reducible to apologetics. But even apologetically, as Bishop Mathew says about history, in the end "the chief asset of the Catholics in England may prove to be integrity of thought".

VINCENT TURNER, S.J.

A DIALOGUE ON MR. ELIOT'S POEM†

IT is (said Eugenio, as he laid down *Little Gidding*) a most difficult poem to read aloud with a proper sensitiveness.

Nay, sir (answered Nicobar, in a youthful kindness of condescension), I protest you have done nobly, and Mr. Eliot, did he know, were indebted to you. A precise judge could not complain of anything beyond, here and there, somewhat of a greater rhetorical emphasis than the poem requires.

A fine thing, Nicobar (said Sophonisba, a little sharply), if you are to complain of rhetoric. It was you who, when you did us the kindness to read *The Dry Salvages*, seemed to attempt all the sounds of the sea.

Nicobar: Nay, madam (said he), I did but speak impartially.

* My moral is the same as that which, in the political field, emerges in a superb book published in Montreal in 1941 by M. Yves Simon and called *La grande crise de la république française*. It is an enormous pity that this splendid and eloquent book should be so hard to come by in England.

† *Burnt Norton*, 1935; *East Coker*, 1940; *The Dry Salvages*, 1941; *Little Gidding*, 1942. (Faber & Faber.)

You are to consider that this last poem peculiarly removes itself from mortality, and is more like the cry of a strange bird flying over that sea from a coast beyond it than anything in the sea itself. But I ask Eugenio's pardon if I have wronged him.

Sophonisba: What say you, Celia?

Celia had seemed in a study all this while, and now at first she said only:

Celia: Let us draw the curtains. There may be birds from beyond another sea tonight whose rhetoric would be less quiet than Nicobar approves. (And when this had been done, she went on.) But in truth, though I do not think Eugenio could have managed better, yet I am partly of Nicobar's mind.

At this they both smiled and flushed a little, being young and greatly affecting each other's person and judgement. But Sophonisba said:

Sophonisba: I do not know what you would have. Do you suppose one can express the soul by a monotone?

Celia: If Eugenio will pardon me, and I very well know that none of us three could more properly have satisfied the ear than he, I will say only that soliloquies from the heart's cloister are ever the most difficult poems to read aloud—perhaps because they have in them something which contains a greater urgency even than poetry, but which is not poetry, or at least troubles us as if it were not. And while I listened to Eugenio, I was almost ashamed, as if I were eavesdropping, outside the door, to the murmurs of the prayers of some saint within.

Sophonisba: That is all very well, Celia, but you are to consider that Mr. Eliot would not wish to be taken for a saint, and if he has published his poem he has himself most certainly opened the door, so that we shall do him a double wrong to embarrass him with such comparisons.

Nicobar: Why, true, Sophonisba, but look at what you are saying. A poet may produce, *per accidens*, an effect different from his purpose, and it would be hard to refuse to recognize an accent of the soul for fear of overpraising his own. There are examples of it in English verse. No one, to be sure, would call Patmore a saint, yet I have felt sometimes in the Odes which he wrote of Psyche that I was intruding on a holy dispute for which I was not fit. Eugenio may perhaps tell us his mind now without thinking that Celia and I are to discredit his reading.

Eugenio: Nay, I hope we are all too wise to suppose that either verse or reading of verse is to be left free from judgement. And I think, if Celia will pardon me, that her modesty does but make her the fitter listener. It is said *He that hath ears, let him*

bear, and the undertones of our lord the Spirit are permissible for such intimate ears.

Sophonisba: Well, I think you are all making a great pother about a simple thing—

Celia:

Nicobar:

} A simple thing! O *Sophonisba*!

Sophonisba: —and for my part, if we are to talk so, it was more a sermon than a prayer, and I will rather thank Mr. Eliot for an edifying instruction than pretend he has gone out of his pulpit into his oratory. I have heard my mother read as good an exhortation by the great Mr. Donne on a Sunday afternoon. But you young people do not read Donne.

Nicobar: Not read Donne! He was my pocket companion for long enough.

Sophonisba: Until Hopkins came in, I warrant. Poetry goes more by fashion than by favour. But some of your elders were familiar with ancient poets before we were taught them by Mr. Eliot's camp-followers. We had heard, too, of those exhortations, which of late are sieved in a pretty cullender of critical taste, so as to let through the dust of literature and keep out the gold nuggets of the soul. Only here it is strangely the dust which is prized and the nuggets thrown away.

Celia: Dear madam, we have heard you before now on your Dean. Would it please you to return to Mr. Eliot?

Sophonisba: Ay, child, you must ever have the new manners. You will be talking of him one day as I do now of Donne; nay, I have heard that some younger than you—to think of it!—speak of him already as of yesterday's loaf; and even those who were once his partisans suppose him to have flown off into hiding and clapped-to his wings in a church for want of other resting-place.

Eugenio: It is one of the strange diseases of our age—yours and mine, *Sophonisba*, for these young ones are clear of it—that so positive a mind should have been counted a negative. Those who supposed him disillusioned spoke perhaps wiser than they knew, for he stood from the beginning on a bare solidity. Few poets change much—and he less than some, except indeed in language. How did he put it? Reach me the poem, *Nicobar*.

Trying to learn to use words, and every attempt
Is a wholly new start, and a different kind of failure
Because one has only learnt to get the better of words
For the thing one no longer has to say, or the way in which
One is no longer disposed to say it. And so each venture
Is a new beginning, a raid on the inarticulate—

Poets, more than most, have their "ends in their beginnings", their "beginnings in their ends". Only by running very hard, as the Red Queen in Mr. Carroll's tale saw, can they so much as stay where they are.

Celia: Is that moment, the moment of running and remaining, what he talks of in those passages of *Burnt Norton*? As

... say that the end precedes the beginning,
And the end and the beginning were always there
Before the beginning and after the end.

Eugenio: The co-existence of the end and the beginning in the work of poets is perhaps an image of something more, and more general. Few poets have been able to go all their distance; in any who have won to an end, and not to a mere breaking-off, we may be aware that there is but one thing said. I would not prophesy how noble or how lasting a poet Mr. Eliot may prove to be, but, lesser or greater, he is one who will have gone, it seems, all his distance. I speak only of his art.

Celia: Might you not speak of more?

Eugenio: No. I would not dare it even of you with whom I have had some close acquaintance, though I take pleasure to think so privately. Nicobar may indeed write you a poem—and he justly—admiring your spirit's perseverance, for at his age such things are a joyous courtesy. But at mine I do you the more honour to recognize your serious duty and the necessity of your zeal. Or say I have talked with the apparition in our poet's fourth poem.

Sophonisba: Do you think, Eugenio, that that is the finest passage?

Eugenio: It is, perhaps, for reasons, the most sustained towards fineness. And you?

Sophonisba: I am no true judge of greatness. But I love better the opening of *East Coker*—the lane and the dancing round the bonfire and "the time of the seasons and the constellations". And the fourth movement of the other poem, *The Dry Salvages*, which begins "Lady, whose shrine stands on the promontory".

Nicobar: It is lovely. And you, Celia?

Celia: I do not very well know. I think it is the manner of incantation in each poem that I love best, and if Eugenio says that the last is the greatest I shall easily believe him. But for myself I think I love the other best, *Burnt Norton*, and all the birds and children, the flowers and sunflower, the footfalls echoing

Down the passage which we did not take
Towards the door we never opened
Into the rose-garden.

Do not, dear madam, smile at me so tenderly. I am more than content not to have taken it. I have known more.

After the kingfisher's wing
Has answered light to light, and is silent, the light is still
At the still point of the turning world.

Nicobar: Celia!

Celia: O *Nicobar*!

Nicobar: But when he says

That which is only living
Can only die—

may we say that only that which does not live, as we mean living, will not die? Is everything else only "the loud voice of the disconsolate chimera"? How ridiculous and how right a phrase! *Eugenio*?

Eugenio: I would answer you if I were not afraid. But suppose that I am one of the foolish elders he talks of? Might I not, affirming it, offer you merely "a receipt for deceit"? It is your poem as much as mine.

Celia: I do not think you would deceive us unless we chose, and it would not then be for want of warning. He has taught us not to rely only on process. Read again, *Nicobar*; there, look!

Nicobar:

We are only undeceived
Of that which, deceiving, can no longer harm.

Sophonisba: It is a terrible saying.

Celia: I do not think it so terrible—even if it were true. But I am not quite sure that it is true, so long as one remembers that other saying—where is it?—about the action in the mind at the moment of death being that which should fructify in the lives of others, "and the time of death is every moment".

Sophonisba: We are quoting our way through the poem.

Eugenio: It is the only valid way unless we were master-critics. Or poets whose own poems might answer his.

Celia: Mr. Eliot's little body may by now be weary of the great world of poets who do.

Nicobar: But, *Eugenio*, if we quote here and there and out of place, do we not alter the whole order, and make the poem something different than it was? I could even play tricks with *Celia*'s only Wordsworth so.

Eugenio: We can only remember to return always to the original; in that end is our beginning and in that beginning our end. We must alter our order back again. For it is true we must say after every critic, however good, that

There is only the fight to recover what has been lost.

Nicobar: It will be a merry world in the grand art of poetry when every critic remembers that and so welcomes his next successor, and unloves his own particular. I cannot say that I see much business of the kind on foot at present.

Sophonisba: You said, *Eugenio*, that every poet who covered all his distance has said only one thing. Tell us, if you will, what you think Mr. Eliot has said.

Eugenio: I see it was a great rashness, and I must prepare to welcome you three my successors. But if you will have it in a poor phrase—that you can only be a thing by becoming it.

Celia: May I remind you, *Eugenio*, that he has been called a learned, difficult, and obscure poet?

Eugenio: With reason—and even now with reason. I am not to remind you that the simplest things are obscure to most men and difficult to all. I have known *Nicobar* once or twice expect a short cut, a metamorphosis as quick as *Arachne's*, or as a more heavenly could I but think of a comparison. Virtue and wisdom may sit with us at our feasts and walk with us on our roads; they may even smile upon us so intimately that we take them for our very hearts' masters, but all time is between them and us unless we have given ourselves to the change, and always the change. We may otherwise find on our death-day how alien they are; or if before, when we are old enough to know our harvest only deceit,

only the knowledge of dead secrets
Useless in the darkness into which we peer.

I must alter the case to apply the words; he wrote "they peered". Old men are like poets; few go the whole distance. It was *Bunyan*, I think, who set a slumbering-ground far beyond battles and martyrdoms; but the vigil must be for one knows not what.

I said to my soul, be still, and wait without hope
For hope would be hope for the wrong thing; wait without love
For love would be love of the wrong thing; there is yet faith
But the faith and the love and the hope are all in the waiting.
Wait without thought, for you are not ready for thought;
So the darkness shall be the light, and the stillness the dancing.

Celia: The stillness is the dancing. Movement is all within the stillness, that is true, and that is the difference between such a moment and all else. "Love is itself unmoving". Is that "the redemption of time"?

Eugenio: What will you tell her, Sophonisba?

Sophonisba: I am not as oracular as you. But I know that the greatest moments are those whose movement is within them—yes, even all our little bodily movements.

Nicobar: "The last apparent refuge, the safe shelter". Those moments are not shelters, because of the interior dance.

Sophonisba: Love is not a shelter.

Nicobar: You spoke, Eugenio, of the apparition in the fourth poem, or rather in the fourth part of the whole poem. Will you not discourse to us on it at more length?

Eugenio: I could say little that would make it more effective, and I might be too apt to catch the sad note of exposition, than which I can imagine nothing our poet—*poeta nostra*—would more dislike. We have not spoken of his allusions, which (if one knows them) enlarge his poem from within. But there is one here we must not altogether pass. "What! are you here?"—there is only one place in all Christendom where that cry was heard, and that was out of Christendom. Do you remember, Nicobar?

Nicobar: I had forgotten—till now. "*Siete voi qui, Ser Brunetto?*" But why is the baked countenance of Brunetto Latini remembered here?

Eugenio: There is fire in the distance here—in "three districts", as in that other place it fell from the dark skies; and here it is the time of "the recurrent end of the unending", much as the torments of Dante's hell in each moment become again recurrently unending. But we were not perhaps meant too closely to hunt out comparisons; or if, I am not the one to do it. Let us observe only how that terrible remembrance accentuates the cry, and how the dialogue between the poet and the apparition,

a familiar compound ghost
Both intimate and unidentifiable,

however different, is awfully undershaken by the Italian. The whole passage, correctly or incorrectly—or I will say wisely or unwisely—seems to me full of infernal reminiscence, though the English poet is ostensibly speaking of time ending here and not of time unending there—and yet his words reverberate through the monotonous funnel of hell; indeed, the funnel is here. Listen:

"Since our concern was speech, and speech impelled us
 To purify the dialect of the tribe
 And urge the mind to aftersight and foresight,
 Let me disclose the gifts reserved for age
 To set a crown upon your lifetime's effort.
 First, the cold friction of expiring sense
 Without enchantment, offering no promise
 But bitter tastelessness of shadow fruit
 As body and soul begin to fall asunder.
 Second, the conscious impotence of rage
 At human folly, and the laceration
 Of laughter at what ceases to amuse.
 And last, the rending pain of re-enactment
 Of all that you have done, and been; the shame
 Of motives late revealed, and the awareness
 Of things ill done and done to others' harm
 Which once you took for exercise of virtue.
 Then fools' approval stings, and honour stains.
 From wrong to wrong the exasperated spirit
 Proceeds, unless restored by that refining fire
 Where you must move in measure, like a dancer."
 The day was breaking. In the disfigured street
 He left me, with a kind of valediction,
 And faded on the blowing of the horn.

Is not that a proper summary of the dark journey from Styx to Judecca? And is there anywhere a greater word for the deepening yet monotonous perpetuity of the lost than

From wrong to wrong the exasperated spirit
 Proceeds?

Sophonisba: I have seen it said somewhere that the last line—"And faded on the blowing of the horn"—has a relevance to *Hamlet*—"It faded on the crowing of the cock".

Eugenio: It may well be so, for there has been a reference to the "refining fire" of that purgatory in which the ghost of the elder Hamlet dwelled. But you are also to remember that, below the sand where Brunetto Latini ran, there was indeed a horn:

Ma io senti' sonare un alto corno.

And on that sounding Dante saw Nimrod, who held the horn and had destroyed speech, and the other giants and the last pit.

Sophonisba: You would say that that is what Mr. Eliot had in mind?

Eugenio: I would not take upon me to assert it. But I do not conceive that a mind pre-eminently stored with such learning is likely to have been unaware of such clear propinquities of meaning.

Nicobar: I remember your saying once, Eugenio, that this poet had, as it were, one moment which he put in many different lights, and I remember also that you compared the Eternal Footman in *Prufrack* to the Dweller on the Threshold in a more ancient myth—

Sophonisba: What moment?

Eugenio: Alas, I have said so much that I do not clearly remember.

Celia: But I do. There was no particular kind of moment; it was then a moment in itself—any moment of time. And you quoted a line about the inability “to force the moment to its crisis”. And I think, Eugenio, you rather hinted that you were waiting for Mr. Eliot to do so.

Eugenio: I hope, with a greater shyness than you seem to give me. But if—

Celia: Sir, you were as courteous as ever.

Eugenio: It is yours to keep me so. But “force” for this poetry is too violent a word. It seems that there is a change; for now this crisis is within the moment. Most poets begin with man in a situation; presently man is himself the situation; that is, in them, not an increase of knowledge but a mounting power of style. That is true of poetry, and more than poetry. The grace of time is to turn time to grace.

If all time is eternally present
All time is unredeemable.

And again,

The hint half guessd, the gift half understood, is Incarnation.

Sophonisba: The Incarnation?

Eugenio: Do not let us say more than he. Our pious meditations may take what hints they choose, but let us keep them separate from our poetic. We wrong the poetry else, and we do not much help religion. Say only,

With the drawing of this Love and the voice of this Calling.

Celia: And all else only “the loud voice of the disconsolate chimera”.

Eugenio: Either that or the end of his *Asb Wednesday*—“And let my cry come unto thee”. Leave it; we shall not end better than with those two lines.

Celia: Shall we go, Nicobar? Good night, Sophonisba; good night, Eugenio; and may the wish not be the voice of the chimera, but come with the cry where the cry comes. Good night again, and blessings.

CHARLES WILLIAMS.

THE LIBERATION OF ARISTOCRACY

WHAT is Aristocracy? It is quality. It is a gesture of bestowing and sometimes of leadership. It is intense; yet it may like to be outwardly casual. It selects; it laughs with the double face of politeness and thrust; it is educated in the hardness of attaining the highest; it abjures the facile, while cultivating ease; it is proud of itself, as a contribution to the world's just pride; it cares for the most subtle art, where subtlety has overcome boorish simplicity; for the simplest of great art, where simplicity has overwhelmed a confused subtlety. It is as wild as a bacchante, but controlled as a fine fur; it wears sorrow with passion and with the grandeur of a sentinel; yet its prayers are gaiety.

We have only to ask whether such a spirit is prominent among us today to know what answer to offer. Fascism is not qualitative aristocracy; its deceptive cult of leadership is the reverse of aristocratic, and its cultural values are uniformly proletarian; and communism is on its own admission anything but aristocracy; while democracy, although verbally contrasted with aristocracy, is not necessarily opposed to it. The unique place of experiment and of variety in democracy, as contrasted with their non-existence in the totalitarian systems, gives us hope that flashes, if no more, of the truly qualitative spirit may grace what is, both on paper and in spirit, a democracy.

Democracy is not in itself a counting of heads. Even so, it would still be preferable to Nazism, which is the counting of skulls. Yet there is a grave peril, all the deeper because it is so scantily recognized, that the purely numerical aspects of democracy may attain excessive influence. Universal education is a necessity; the peculiar psyche of our epoch cannot now exist without it; even the fascist states universally instruct sheep in sheepdom. But the multiplication of knowledge tends to produce the multiplication of superficial knowledge; and this may, especially in a decade when the multitude are, in every sense of the word, armed, lead to a distortion and degradation of the source of knowledge itself. The many have always fought the subtle and the few; the half-educated are liable to fight them with even deeper venom. This is not to say that there ought to be any state of hostility between an *élite* class and the rest of a society; on the contrary, mutual co-operation between them is an obvious good. But numbers do "count"; and the few must protect themselves. Above all, they must lose their inferiority-complex. They have told themselves and each other too often

that the masses are all that matter, that the entire aim of the complex human intellect should be to increase the popularity of the people's popularism, both in art and in general ideas. The glorification of manual over mental labour, and the substitution of vulgar for sensitive standards, are characteristics alike of Nazism, Communism, and a facile democracy.

Taken each on their highest level, democracy and aristocracy imply each other. The relation is curious. In one sense, unless we conceive of aristocracy as an end, our democratic society will lose most of its value. Yet by an "end" I do not mean some static end, achieved once for all when certain conditions happen to have grown into suitability; I mean an end in the sense of an ideal, a mobile ideal which is always receiving fresh recruits both in people and in ideas. And yet, from another angle, it is aristocracy that should be the means towards a democratic end. Is there a contradiction here? No: the two statements are complementary. *Unless we use a democratic freedom of movement and choice as a means, our aristocracy will be arbitrary, tyrannical and apt to fossilize*; but equally unless we employ a subtlety, a restraint, a selective and gradual illumination, the mere mass of uncouth human numbers will overbalance the genuine democratic freedom of the personality.

All this is another mood of saying that mankind must not lose the sense of its own dignity. The fact that it must be reminded of this so constantly is itself somewhat undignified. The true man of quality will stand, at once dignified and progressive, as the daring pinnacle of a system of general creative pleasure. Stability can never be attained precisely; yet neither is there anything wholly novel.

Nowadays, much less is seen than formerly of the pomp and grace of a social aristocracy, which might be regarded as a symbol of the qualitative spirit. Such a disappearance is not in all ways to be regretted. But this does not mean that a symbolized aristocracy is worthless. Far from that: it is through the breadth, and, in some cases, the versatility of such traditions that they are in a position now to render priceless service to the community. For ours is the age of small parts masquerading, badged or badgeless, as the whole of truth and life. Unsure and unco-ordinated fires—for our major symbols give warmth and can destroy—roam over all fields of life: the various ideologies of politics, of psychology, salvation through numberless permutations of scientific, egotistic, intuitive, and even humorous impulses, some of which have achieved established strength and a name. Every part carries the baton of a whole in its knapsack. Peace between these rival fires, each of which possesses partial truth, can be

made best by those who stand in a loftier and wider fire. And this the man of qualitative spirit finds it comparatively easy to do; he is not likely to be hurtled into thinking that Freud tells the whole of reality, or that philosophy, science, and religion can ever attain an identity closer than mutual stimulation and reinforcement. In any case, we may expect the tentative symbolizers (have pity on them for their tentativeness, their childish impatient incapacity!) of our era to continue their exploits in fractional truths.

There is a certain justice in the thesis that "progress" is not the true value it assesses itself to be. It has its dangers and its inadequacies. But the extreme camp in the opposite direction is equally false, and even more morally repugnant, for it views the world of pain with too much calm. We would agree that a man does not mind occasional illness and grief so long as he is not led to expect perpetual health and joy; a sane recognition of the limits of our living conditions does not add to our troubles. But apply this to a Carpathian peasant or Glasgow slum-dweller, and the remark becomes at once a purism three times removed from truth, as Plato impatiently said of the works of his fellow-artists. Social improvement, not the promise of a millennium, but concrete, justice is surely part of the Christian humanist tradition.

Yet the responsibility and the dignity of manhood demand a certain human inequality; and they not only demand it, they create it. Man's equality is but an equal admission to the possibility of hierarchy. Not "Equality for all!" but "*Equal Opportunity for Inequality!*" would be a slogan at once realistic and progressive. (In a similar sense, we may say that Europe is a unity, but that the very Europeaness of Europe demands variety among her parts. The tension created by these paradoxes is fruitful in the intensest degree—either for life or for fratricide.)

It is man's inequality that has given birth to culture. Clearly this has not been purely, or even in many cases at all, a social inequality. But, before we hastily abolish all social privilege, let us examine more coldly whether we would not, in so doing, be taking culture too much for granted; for if so, we would run the risk of losing what little of it we already possessed, and of reducing society to a mere hive of economic necessity.

One point that deserves stressing is that the very argument used against the qualitative camp from the utilitarian position is capable of an equal validity in defence of it. Let us assume that we desire what is termed a "spiritual" aristocracy. It is, then, a common argument to point to a majority of hereditary aristocrats, and enquire with scorn, "Are these the fine flower of the

cultural continuity of the ages? If your hothouse treatment with privileges and environment does not produce a greater number of spiritual aristocrats, why not scrap it?" But precisely the same truth applies with redoubled force in the opposite direction; one may answer, "Exactly, and is it not therefore logical to deduce that an at least equal proportion of those who are not hereditary aristocrats will be similarly unsuitable: that what becomes of the 'People', in so far as it is uncultured, is so merely because it lacked opportunity? What becomes of your doctrine of universal education as a speedy panacea? In fact, you have proved my point very clearly: human stupidity in the majority will always triumph over even the best environment, the most favourable education. Is not that all the more reason, therefore, for protecting and encouraging the fragile, but never extinct, minority of the *élite*?"

How exactly this *élite* is to be organized, and, still more, how it is to be maintained in being, are terrific issues. It is best to admit at once that no single solution exists which could be applied to every possible soil; different soils demand different ways of building up different aristocracies. Neither the ideal nor the manifestation of quality can claim exclusive rights over the other; we certainly do not want to form an oligarchy among the different contexts of quality! But what I may call the Infinitive of quality, the qualitative spirit itself, must always be present, whether the indicatives, the manifestations, the privileged class and such phenomena are present or not.

There is even today a case for what may be described as the humility of aristocracy, in which an *élite*, either through force of circumstances or in order to reveal its spiritual power, or for both reasons, accepts a position of economic inferiority and even of personal persecution. Certain aspects of this situation are by no means unknown today. Where is our *élite*? Hidden, as often as not, among that very middle-class which is supposed to be the opposite of all subtlety and gesture in life; in this class, economically, if not by heredity, there exist many and many of the true *élite*, who have not even the tradition and the comfort which may lead the rich to a degree of the aristocratic spirit. If these people, many of them extremely poor, order their lives according to superior standards "of subtlety and gesture", and if they devote as much of their time and money as possible to appreciating, or creating even, works of art and thought—then they, and not any merely titled persons, are the aristocrats, and deserve the compliments, the historical arguments, and the philosophical defences which "aristocracy" has from time to time received.

Of course, there is the complex pattern of two levels within aristocracy, as within every other concept. The socialist view confuses the lowest level with the loftiest; mere wealthy leisure with the true creative, gay, and self-sacrificing *élite*. This highest class, to use Nietzsche's phrase, is a class of "bestowers". They, like Plato's philosophers, have returned to the cave where the masses have their being, and have begun to reveal the light they have learned. But, unlike Plato, and perhaps half like Nietzsche, we must now envisage what I have termed the "gay" spirit of the bestowing class. No rich and vital civilization is ever over-solemn. True seriousness includes some piquancy and some slim joy. A certain gaiety, some sense of pageantry in life, is never absent when there is a real aristocracy in power—and this need not mean political power. Slackness on the part of a privileged class has indeed been responsible for much evil. But do not confuse slackness with leisure and ease and grace; let these at least exist somewhere in our unloving prison!

But the note of gaiety must not be too indiscriminate. That of selection, of choice, of proceeding by omission rather than by expansion, must be heard still more clearly. The widening and simplification of cultural access, the expansion of speedy transport, the quicksivers of radio and film—are these all to extend and increase for ever, without any control from the *selective* aspect of man's spirit? We must hope with every earnestness that men will learn to use the dazzling array of modern methods and materials as an occasion for widening and deepening the range of the qualitative spirit itself. To achieve this consecration, as it were, of modern speed and modern range will be the crucial test of whatever supra-physical values and dogmas which the next few decades may produce.

But the *élite* are not easy to define. One thing is certain: that our present economic system is doing its best to penalize them, both socially and financially. Such is our danger; yet a humanist spirit of quality is really the only answer to mechanization. A mere vote-like individualism, though valid if based on respect for human personality, will not carry either a man or society very far; for mechanization itself indicates the fact that human existence has proceeded to a certain level of complexity and subtlety. The average man, in a naked individualism, cannot necessarily rise to that level; but a philosophy of distinction and dignity will arm him with a subtlety and a complexity far wider than that possessed either by the machine which he has to utilize or by the machine which society wishes him himself to become.

Without the spirit of quality, even though it be a socialist

state that fulfils it, nothing but sloth can come from a mere quantitative spread of universal education, in the sense of mechanical mental privilege. Unless the standard is high and firm, so that it will be worth while to aspire towards the refinement of personality and mind, the result will be sheer Inflation. Once more the economic parallel is convenient.

Yet some people may be found to deny the reality of the whole problem. They do not see that, simultaneously with the social conflict noted by Marx, though not necessarily related to it, there has always existed another conflict, that between the crude majority and a cultivated minority. We are not making the naïve error of identifying this minority with a privileged social class. It is not always the case, even, that the minority has been organized as such. What is true is the opposition which, in our own times no less than the despised past, the sensitive or unusual or creative or exceptionally intelligent receive from those who lack these qualities. It is idle to argue that social circumstances have engendered this crudity of vision: we are concerned with what is, and with the possibility of offering some protection to the sufferers. Besides, the very argument used by proletarianists—the stupidity of so many privileged people—proves at one blow that it is not merely outward circumstances which prevent a person's attaining high levels of thought or feeling.

In *St. Joan* Shaw asks: "Must then a Christ perish in every age to save those who have no imagination?" The peculiarity of our own epoch can be gauged from the fact that, though it is pre-eminently an age of sociological thinking, how many planners would incorporate or even pause to consider such an attitude as this of Shaw's within their otherwise excellent schemes? Is it that we take exceptional sensibility for granted? There seems no reason why we should. Or is it that we definitely are afraid of it? Do we dimly perceive the frustrations which intellect may make for itself; do we therefore distrust individual creative thinking, and, since we must have science in some form, throw ourselves at the feet of its most collectivized aspects, finding in such unanimity of technique a security from creative freedom?

Moreover, it is not merely that intellectual superiority is punished. Sensibility, unusualness, even—and not least—moral superiority, all are penalized by those who are less endowed with them. And there is no reason to suppose that this condition will ever materially change, or, rather, that the impulse towards it will change. It is our task, therefore, to devise protections for those persecuted or likely to be persecuted. Here at once we are confronted with the red, or white, or black herring which identifies the dispersed creative minority with a single privileged

social class. Historically speaking, there is an element of justice in such a fusion of ideas ; the luxurious oppressors of the Marxist interpretation were also, to some degree, the enjoyers and transmitters of whatever qualitative, sensitive, creative, and intellectual realities had come into existence. But even so there was always a point at which the social barrier, and its maintenance, began to operate against the support of such realities ; and is not this all the more the case today, when privileged classes have lost much of their old courage and inspiration ?

The aim of democracy should be the discovery and the right use of creativity in as many possible individuals. But here, as so often, the means point a potential threat to the end. For the very multiplication of documents tends to diminish the variety of standards : tends also to the denial of the exception, the difficult, the best, the creative. And this is an internal danger almost as virulent as the external Nazi threat. And, like that, it may be we shall only just perceive it in time. The problem is all the more complicated by the nature of what we are striving to preserve and protect : subtlety and the possibility of the new song are not easily compressed into sociological propaganda or the formulae of the law. For that reason, then, it is all the more essential to preserve and make strong in us—whatever our politics, socialists as much as men of tradition—the sense of the conflict which superior, subtle, creative and intellectual values must always face when confronted with average crude standards, and in which they must have our active support or they will die.

In doing this we must recognize the limited sphere in which many of our most excellent traditions and social edifices possess real validity. The Trade Union movement, for example, arose as a necessary and salutary check on the rapacity of a commercial privileged class ; but its own spirit is, in the ultimate matters, not much different. An actor, who is an artist, may spend precious overtime at a rehearsal without extra pay, for the sole impulse of artistic perfection ; but every stage-carpenter, door-keeper, rat-catcher, time-caller, and time-server must down his tools at the hour or receive extra coins. A poet can exhaust himself, a typist more seldom. The mechanic, the middleman, be he called mechanic or middleman or plain Nazi Minister of Unified Cultural Propaganda, rules our epoch. This extreme, mechanical culture of equality has issued in a false aristocracy—a *kakistocracy* of the complacent and the banal ; though based on a true individualism it may yet plunge us into the total collective mess, mass and morass.

What we have to resist is an attitude of mind ; what we have to protect are those people who are persecuted, actually or in all

likelihood, by that attitude; and what we have to avoid is the self-satisfied, escapist view that fate is always on the side of the best and the subtle and the inspired, and that there is in these matters no real conflict, no true need for struggle. Finally, though political implications can hardly be excluded, it must be emphasized that our point of view is open (and that, not by concession, but through its very nature) to every political party. To confuse such an issue would be to deny the very realm of reality for which our struggle is waged.

Many types of qualitative aristocracy exist or have existed, and conflicts between them have been frequent: athletic or practical types with the aesthetic and contemplative; and the intellectual world itself contains skirmish on skirmish between fairly-mediocre aristocracies.

Once more let us realize the difficulty of organizing the qualitative Ideal into the performances of practical and political life. Some of these Indicatives may even seem superficially at variance with the grand Infinite. That does not matter much: quality is a spirit, though it certainly prefers certain types of incarnation to others. It is easy to ridicule it by suggesting in comic mood a "parliament of subtle thinkers" or an "army of the gracious", a "revivalist sect for the dignified", another "for the gay", or a "League of Despisers of the Second-Best", or a "Royal Society for Unexpectedness in Life", or a "Grand Academy of those who hold that *Noblesse Oblige*"! Quality can well laugh at itself. None the less, there will always be a few who can say calmly amid torture, whether private or fascist or proletarian,

"I am Duchess of Malfi still";

or who, like Farinata in the burning ice, entertain great scorn of Hell,

"Come avesse l'Inferno in gran dispetto".

TERENCE WHITE.

AN ANSELMIAN REVIVAL

OF all the hundreds of Benedictine saints and scholars, St. Anselm* is probably he who is considered by most present-day Benedictine monks as the truest exponent of their many-faceted life and tradition. St. Anselm, in fact, illustrates in his

* The principal dates of St. Anselm's life are these: born at Aosta, c. 1033; student at Bec, c. 1052; monk therein, 1060; prior, 1063; abbot, 1078; Archbishop of Canterbury, 1093; died, 21 April, 1109.

own person and career that catholicity of views and aims which is the mark of their Order. By birth he was an Italian, by monastic profession and intellectual training a Frenchman, by apostolic labours an Englishman, so that to this day he is known indifferently as Anselm of Aosta, Anselm of Bec, or Anselm of Canterbury. In his life, both private and public, St. Anselm accurately reproduces all the characteristic features usually associated with the Benedictine profession at its best: humility, discretion, a peaceful and serene evenness of temper, gracious gentleness and unselfishness, absolute self-surrender to his monastic ideals, a genius for Christian friendship, unalloyed loyalty to his abbot, to his abbey, to every member of his community, unflinching fidelity to the Church. His activities, too, sum up those of the Benedictines throughout the centuries: he was a professor and a spiritual director, a scholar and an administrator, a contemplative and a very energetic pastor. Furthermore, St. Anselm belonged to the golden age of Benedictine sanctity and achievement: he died in 1109, just eight days before St. Hugh of Cluny (29 April) and four years before St. Bernard entered Cîteaux (1113).

His position as a Doctor of the Church is unique, for it was he who closed the patristic period and opened the age of the Schoolmen with the golden key of his theological speculation. In all his writings, whether ascetical, ethical or theological, St. Anselm shows himself true to the Benedictine type. His was a giant mind. His treatises make it evident that he was possessed of a keen intellect, that he was a profound as well as an original thinker. He could climb with ease and confidence the loftiest heights of metaphysical speculation. Dom Le Bannier's lines, sung by the Benedictines in their proper office of St. Anselm, are no mere flight of rhetoric:

*Intimum pulsans penetrabile Verbi
fertur immotae fidei volatu:
dogmatum puros latitantes an ullus
altius hausit?*

And yet Anselm always approaches his subject in the fervour of his intimate communing with God. His meditations, it has been remarked, are "prayerful speculations"; and the converse is equally accurate: his theological disquisitions are only "speculative prayers". His aim is to enjoy by love that which he finds by the effort of his mind; to feel himself irresistibly drawn to that which his intellect, taught by revelation, presents before him as Eternal Truth, Eternal Goodness, and Eternal Beauty. It is the theology which best befits Benedictine tradition.

St. Anselm's works,* although not cast in the systematic form adopted by the Schoolmen of the following age in their *Summae*, cover nevertheless practically the whole range of theological speculation. His original contribution to the explanatory development of Catholic Dogma was very considerable and of an eminently constructive character. He may be considered as the leading authority on the procession of the Holy Ghost. His *Cur Deus Homo* supplies the full theology of the Atonement; he is indeed the Doctor *par excellence* of Christ's Sacred Humanity. His principle *Fides quaerens intellectum*, or *Credo ut intelligam*, which forms the basis of all his theological investigation, firmly grounds him on revealed reality, of which he makes use to help his mind in his quest for truth.

In philosophy also, St. Anselm's basic principle is Realism as opposed to the fallacies, then much in fashion, of Roscellin. In fact, Anselm lived during the first phase of the controversy on Universals; and, dependent as he was on Plato through St. Augustine, the realism which he defended was of a somewhat extreme form. This is evident in Anselm's celebrated argument to prove God's existence, which is the main theme of the *Proslogium*. The argument is based in our idea of God as the Highest Thing Thinkable (*aliquid quo majus cogitari nequit*). God implies the idea of a being "than which nothing greater can be thought", and which, therefore, necessarily implies real existence. All must at any rate admit the psychological cogency of the argument. The argument has exercised the minds of most of the leading philosophers since Anselm's time. Its subsequent history, briefly told, is this:† it was accepted by Alexander of Hales, praised by St. Bonaventure,‡ rejected by St. Thomas, defended by Duns Scotus, revived in a new dress by Descartes, highly eulogized by Leibnitz and Samuel Clarke, opposed by Kant, eagerly supported by Hegel, reconciled with St. Thomas's doctrine by Cardinal Aguirre. In our own days, though accepted by a few, e.g. by Mohler, among scholastic theologians, it is generally rejected as an ontological, but admitted as a psycho-

* The catalogue of St. Anselm's works, chronologically arranged, is as follows: *Orationes seu Meditationes* (written between 1070-1104); *Monologium* (1076); *Proslogium*. *Responsio pro insipiente* (1077-1078); *De Grammatica*. *De Libertate arbitrii*. *De Veritate* (1080-85); *De casu diaboli* (1085-90); First recension of the *Epistola de Incarnatione Verbi* (before 2 September, 1092); the *Epistola* in its final form (1094); *Cur Deus Homo* (begun, 1094; taken up again, 1097; finished, summer of 1098); *De conceptu virginali et originali peccato* (1099-1100); *De Sacrificio æymi et fermentati*. *De Sacramentis Ecclesiae* (c. 1106-7); *De concordia præscientiæ et prædestinationis*, etc. (1107-8).

† Cf. Nicola Abbagna, *L'Argomento Ontologico di S. Anselmo d'Aosta*, Gubbio, 1929. X. Isard, *La Teodicea di Sant'Anselmo*, in *Paraula Cristiana*, 1929, pp. 100-113.

‡ Indeed, St. Bonaventure was largely influenced by St. Anselm, especially by the *Monologium*. See Van de Woestyne, in *Antonianum* I, 1926, pp. 6 seq., 180 seq., B. Adlhoeh, O.S.B., in *Philosophische Jahrbücher*, vol. viii-x, 1895.

logical—some prefer the word “mystical”—proof of God’s existence.

Admittedly, St. Anselm was a supreme thinker. In his writings reason loses itself in the vast realms of theology to the great advantage of both. He thoroughly deserves the title, given him by succeeding generations, of the true Father of Scholasticism.

It was to be expected that the post-Reformation efflorescence of scholastic theology would bring in its wake a renewed interest in the works of St. Anselm as the forerunner of the great Schoolmen. This was especially the case at the University of Salamanca. But the immediate occasion of the Anselmian revival is not generally known and is indeed worth recording, as it is intimately connected with the foundation of the present-day English Benedictine Congregation.*

At the beginning of the seventeenth century a large group of English students professed the Benedictine Rule in the Spanish abbeys of the Congregation of Valladolid, at that time the most flourishing in monastic observance and in learning of all the Black Benedictine Congregations. Eventually these Anglo-Spanish Benedictines, sponsored and greatly helped morally and materially by their Spanish confrères of Valladolid, were the principal agents in building up the communities which were later to settle at Downside and Ampleforth. Indeed, the Spanish Benedictines warmly espoused the cause of English Benedictine monachism. One has but to read the decrees issued by the General Chapters of the “Benedictine Congregation of Spain and England” in favour of its English members and the numerous writings of the Spanish Benedictines of that period—Yepes, Heredia, Argai, Alvarado, Cardinal Aguirre—to substantiate this. On their part, the Anglo-Spanish Benedictines responded with filial gratitude and often declared themselves proud of having been trained and professed in the Benedictine observance in the venerable Spanish abbeys. Many examples of this spirit of loyalty are to be found in the letters and other written works of several monks of that

* The material for the following pages may be found scattered in the following works: Nicolas Antonio, *Bibliotheca Hispano Nova*, Madrid, 1873, 2 vols. in fol.; Dom Marianus Armellini, O.S.B., *Bibliotheca Benedictino Cassinensis*, Assisi, 1731, 2 vols. in fol.; Dom Magnoldus Ziegelbauer, O.S.B., *Historia rei literariae Ordinis S. Benedicti*, Vienna and Würzburg, 1752 seq., 4 vols. in fol. (especially vol. 2, pp. 73–102); A. Pérez Goyena, S.J., *La Literatura teológica entre los Benedictinos Españoles de la Observancia*, in *Razón y Fe*, vols. 44–50, Madrid, 1916–1918; Dom Matthew del Alamo, O.S.B., article *Valladolid (Congregación de)*, a comprehensive and most informative monograph, covering pages 930–987 of very small print, in vol. 66 of the *Enciclopedia Espasa*, Madrid-Barcelona, 1929.

group—for instance, Blessed John Roberts, Father Leander of St. Martin (of Compostella) and Father Rudesind Barlow.

In the eyes of the Spanish Benedictines of that period, the fate of the Catholic Faith in England and the cause of the English Benedictines went hand by hand. Cardinal Aguirre, of whom more anon, writes in the Dedicatory Letter of his Commentaries on St. Anselm to Pope Innocent XI:*

The Catholic Faith persevered in England for four centuries after St. Anselm's death, that is, while the Benedictine Order remained therein. Both entered England together; together both flourished therein; together were both expelled therefrom. The unhappy traitor Henry VIII could indeed try to root them out from that most noble kingdom, but he could not sever one from the other.

In their revived interest in the past achievements and personalities of the English Benedictines, the Spanish monks were naturally drawn to St. Anselm and his theological writings, since his sanctity and his literary eminence give him a wider appeal than any other English Benedictine to the Catholic world at large.

Significantly, the first centre of the Anselmian revival was the Benedictine university attached to the abbey of Hirache, in Spanish Navarre, where the first English Benedictine Martyr of the post-Reformation period, Blessed Mark Barkworth, had been clothed in the Benedictine habit, and several of the Anglo-Spanish Benedictines had followed their theological course.† The abbot of this monastery was *ex officio* Rector and Chancellor of the university. In 1672 the three offices were held by a theologian of great distinction, Andrew de la Moneda, Professor of Dogma at the university, who in his theological lectures made use conjointly of the works of St. Anselm and of St. Thomas as the basis of his explanations. He published them‡ in two folio volumes, before being appointed Bishop of Almeria, where he died in 1687. In this work, Bishop de la Moneda had an imitator in the person of Dom Joseph Gómez§, who died Bishop of Guadix (1687).

The next and the greatest commentator of St. Anselm's works was Cardinal Joseph Sáenz de Aguirre (1630-1699). After his

* Roman edition. Letter dated 15 Dec., 1888.

† See my article, *The Benedictine University of Hirache*, in the *Downside Review*, vol. LXX, 1942, pp. 285-294.

‡ R. P. Fr. Andreae de la Moneda . . . *Hyrachensis Universitatis primarii Theologi, Abbatis, Rectoris et Cancellarii . . . Cursus theologicus . . . ex doctrina utriusque Magistri, D. Anselmi ac D. Thomae, enucleatus . . . Lugduni, 1672, 2 vols. in fol.* It is interesting to read his attempt to reconcile the teaching of St. Anselm and St. Thomas in connexion with the Anselmian argument for the existence of God (vol. I, pp. 47 seq.).

§ *Cursus utriusque theologiae . . . ex doctrina utriusque Magistri, D. Anselmi et D. Thomae.* 2 vols. in fol., Lyons, 1672 and Madrid, 1681.

profession as a Benedictine in 1645, he studied at Hirache and Salamanca and eventually himself taught theology at both universities (1657-1686). In 1686, while still a professor of theology at Salamanca, he was promoted to the purple by Pope Innocent XI, as a reward for his theological masterpiece in defence of the Papal Primacy against the Gallican clergy. This entailed his residence in Rome, where he was revered by all for his native piety and modesty. He died in Rome and bequeathed his heart to Monte Cassino. This great monk, whom Bossuet styled "a giant among theologians", opposed with equal success Baius, Jansenius, Molinos, Gallicanism, and Probabilism, and did more than any other one man to rescue from oblivion the writings of St. Anselm. In 1678, while lecturing on theology at Salamanca as one of the ordinary professors of the university, Dom Aguirre established there the new chair of Anselmian theology—*Cathedra Sancti Anselmi*—following the example of other religious Orders, who had already their respective *chairs*—e.g. those of St. Augustine, of St. Thomas, of Scotus, of Durandus. For the preparation of his lectures, Dom Aguirre accumulated a large number of notes. The value of these became generally recognized at the university, and it was at the request of the other professors, especially of the veteran lecturer in theology of forty years' standing, Fr. Martin Esparza, S.J., that Dom Aguirre arranged them for the Press. Fortunately, he could make use of the new Maurist edition of the works of St. Anselm published in 1675 by Dom Gabriel Gerberon, who, although tainted with Jansenism, deserves all praise as an editor of St. Anselm's writings. Dom Aguirre published his Commentaries of the Anselmian treatises in three folio volumes.*

The treatment of St. Anselm's theology by Cardinal Aguirre is characteristically Benedictine. He writes:†

Now, as regards the opinions which we defend in these commentaries if the reader should ask to which school they belong, whether to Thomism, or Scotism, or to that of the Society, I answer that hereby I give St. Anselm's own doctrine . . . However, as St. Thomas usually follows and highly reveres St. Anselm, and St. Anselm himself St. Augustine, by explaining and following St. Anselm, we practically explain and follow those two great luminaries of theology, Augustine and Thomas. In fact, therefore, we propose closely to adhere to those three outstanding leaders, but directly only to St. Anselm.

Dom Aguirre's commentaries are real masterpieces of theology,

* *Sancti Anselmi Archiepiscopi Cantuariensis . . . Theologia commentariis et disputationibus . . . illustrata: auctore Josepho Sdenz de Aguirre, benedictino, Congregationis Hispaniarum et Angliæ Generali Magistro*, etc. Salamanca, 1678-1681. The work, much revised and added to, was re-edited in Rome, 1688 seq.

† *Op. cit.*, vol. I, p. 32.

and they have not lost any of their freshness and interest even at the present time.

It was natural that the Cardinal's example should stir up the enthusiasm of some of the younger theologians among the Spanish Benedictines. In 1699, Dom Joseph Baptist Lardito, Professor of Theology at Salamanca, and at a later period Abbot General of the Congregation, published the first volume of his Anselmian theology.* A similar work† was written by Dom Michael de Arce; he too became Abbot General of the Congregation at a later date. Finally, Dom Ildephonsus Olivares, Professor of Theology at Hirache, afterwards Abbot of St. Vincent's at Salamanca, published a commentary on St. Anselm's works, which is the most complete of all, and second only to that of Cardinal Aguirre in depth of doctrine.‡

To the above should be added the volume of the Portuguese Benedictine, Dom Joseph de la Expectação, on St. Anselm's theological system—small but excellent.§

Meanwhile, the Italian Benedictines had been caught up in the tide of Anselmian enthusiasm which flowed from Spain. Dom Armellini writes:||

Alexander Lello, otherwise de Vignatis, was a native of Perugia, where in 1664 he became a monk at the abbey of St. Peter. He was not without fame (*haud incelebris fuit*) in scholastic pursuits, especially in theology, which he taught for many years at Perugia and Rome, where I was one of his disciples. He was held in high esteem by the professors and theologians of Rome on account of his singularly clear exposition and easy mastery of the subject whether in teaching or in disputation. He was the first of our theologians who taught theology according to St. Anselm's doctrine, moved by the example of Cardinal Aguirre, who was then alive, and of other Spanish Benedictines, who wrote excellent (*praeclara*) commentaries of the teaching of that Holy Doctor. We owe it in great part to Dom Lello's advice and exertions that the illustrious college under the patronage of St. Anselm was opened and established in our monastery at Rome (St. Paul's) . . . Dom Lello died in 1703. He wrote a full course of philosophy and of theology: in the former he often sets aside the opinions of Aristotle and sides rather with modern philosophers. In theology he always adhered to the doctrine of St. Anselm and of St. Thomas. I still keep the MS. of his theological

* *Commentaria in Sancti Anselmi Theologiam*. 3 fol. vols., Salamanca, 1699, 1700, 1703.

† *Tractatus Theologicus juxta miram D. Patris Anselmi et D. Thomae doctrinam*. 3 fol. vols., Madrid, 1760-65.

‡ *Commentarii in universos Sancti Doctoris Anselmi . . . theologicos dogmaticos polemicos, scholasticos tractatus*. In folio. 1 vol., Valladolid, 1776; II vol., ib. 1779; III vol., Salamanca, 1785.

§ *Systema Theologicum ad mentem Sancti Anselmi*. Coimbra, 1755.

|| Op. cit., vol. I, p. 3.

course which I wrote at his dictation in three folio volumes. . . . Its title is: *Theologia Anselmo-Benedictina in Divinae Scripturae textibus et D. Anselmi sententiis dictisque fundata*.

The College of Sant' Anselmo, mentioned here by Dom Armellini, may be considered as the most important and lasting result of the seventeenth-century Anselmian revival. The college had been planned early in the seventeenth century by a very enterprising monk, the Sicilian abbot Dom Constantine Gaetani, the celebrated editor of the works of St. Peter Damian, as well as the notorious opponent of the Jesuits. The college was to be international and to house students belonging to all the Black Benedictine Congregations. The project was so far advanced in 1621 that Pope Gregory XV issued in that year a Papal Brief on the subject. The college was to be styled *Gregorianum*. But the whole scheme remained only a project, owing mainly to the foundation of the University of Salzburg (1622) for the German-speaking Benedictines, who have always constituted the bulk of the Order. The scheme was revived on a smaller scale in 1678 for the students of the Cassinese Congregation, and a foundation was made and ultimately officially recognized in 1687 by the Bull *Inscrutabilis* of Innocent XI. In the previous year Dom Aguirre had been created Cardinal and had taken up his abode in Rome, and it was at his suggestion that the new college was now called *Anselmianum*. Indeed, in the Bull the Pope writes:*

The lecturers or professors thereof, chosen as directed above, in their scholastic course both in their classes and in their writings, shall teach their disciples that body of doctrine which corresponds to the teachings of St. Anselm, who from the Benedictine cloister was raised to the see of Canterbury. If they should act contrariwise they shall be liable to the punishment of deposition and privation of their office and to other sanctions according to the judgement of their superiors.

From the outset the college attained a high theological standard and the professors strictly complied with the papal directions. Beside Dom Alexander Lello, three other Anselmian professors of that period stand out as the most distinguished exponents of St. Anselm's theology, viz. Dom Joseph Porta (*d.* 1690),† Dom Felix Roma (*d.* 1707), monk and abbot of St. Paul's,‡ and Dom Nicholas M. de Tedeschis, at a later date Bishop of Lipari and

* Quotation in Ziegelbauer, *op. cit.*, vol. II, p. 100 seq., where the reader will find many other interesting facts connected with this subject.

† *Universa Scholastica Theologia ad mentem S. Doctoris Anselmi Pedemontani ex abbate Benedictino Archiepiscopi Cantuariensis*. Rome, 1690, 1 vol., in quarto.

‡ *Theologia Scholastica ad mentem S. Anselmi Archiepiscopi Cantuariensis Ordinis S. Benedicti*. MS. finished in 1698.

titular Archbishop of Apamea.* To the same period belongs the History of St. Anselm, in four thick quarto volumes, by Dom Andrew Rainieri, monk of Parma, an interesting philosophical and theological survey of St. Anselm's teaching, cast in the form of a biography.†

This revived interest in St. Anselm's writings led directly to the Saint being formally declared a Doctor of the Church by Pope Clement XI in 1720, a declaration which, as St. Anselm had never previously been officially canonized, was tantamount to a solemn recognition of his sanctity.

The German Benedictines, especially those of the University of Salzburg, likewise commented, albeit with less zest, on St. Anselm in their theological writings. One of them, Dom Alphonsus Wenzel, writes in the preface to his *Controversiae selectae ex universa Theologia*, published in 1723:

In these pages we do not intend to join recent writers and teachers "having itching ears", but on the contrary, we purpose loyally to follow in the footsteps of those three giants, celebrated by all, that is, the *Doctor Cherubicus*, St. Aurelius Augustine, the *Doctor Virgineus*, our own St. Anselm, and the *Doctor Angelicus*, St. Thomas Aquinas, from whom, as from crystal-clear sources of wisdom, we shall draw pure solid and abundant doctrine.

Moreover, the theological volumes of such men as Dom Augustine Reding (*d.* 1690), Cardinal Sfondrati (*d.* 1696), Dom Benedict Pettschacher (*d.* 1701), Dom Paul Metzger (*d.* 1702), Dom Celestinus Pley (*d.* 1710), Dom Ludwig Babenstuber (*d.* 1726)—all Salisburgians—are full of quotations and excerpts from St. Anselm's treatises.

As late as 1884, one of the last representatives of the Salzburg tradition, Dom Anselm Ocsenyi, published at Brunn his work *De Theologia Sancti Anselmi*.

Happily, the seventeenth-century Anselmian revival continues to produce its effects to the present day. In 1883 Pope Leo XIII reopened the Cassinese College of Sant' Anselmo as a papal university for all the Black Benedictines as well as for externs.

* *Scholae D. Anselmi Doctrina ad Logicam, Physicam, Metaphysicam, Ethicam, Theologiam Scholasticam et Dogmaticam accommodata, mille et octoginta thesibus ad mentem D. Anselmi Ordinis S. Benedicti Abbatibus Becensis et Archiepiscopi Cantuariensis.* Rome, 1705, 1 vol. in quarto.

† *Istoria Panegirica di S. Anselmo Arcivescovo di Cantuaria e Dottore della Chiesa.* 4 vols. in quarto, Modena and Parma, 1693-1706.

It was definitively recognized as such by Pius X in 1914. Magnificent new premises were built for it on the Aventine Hill. In some quarters it was suggested that the college should be given a new title, and the names of St. Benedict, St. Gregory, St. Bede, even of St. Odo of Cluny as the founder of the ancient Cluniac abbey of St. Mary's on the same Aventine Hill, were mentioned; but all were ultimately set aside and that of St. Anselm was retained.

The first Rector of the college, Dom Laurence Janssens, who died titular Bishop of Betsaida (1923), revived the Anselmian tradition in his works, freely making use of St. Anselm's theological writings.* Other modern Benedictines who have written major essays or works on St. Anselm are Dom Odo Lottin of Mont-César, Louvain,† and Dom Anselm Stolz, professor at Sant' Anselmo,‡ while Dom A. Castel has contributed a small volume of selected Meditations and Prayers from St. Anselm, prefaced by Dom Wilmart, to the *Collection "Pax"* published at Maredsous, and Dom Francis Schmitt, a monk of Seckau, in Austria, is responsible for the most up-to-date edition of the Saint's works.§

The most important studies on St. Anselm's treatises by non-Benedictine writers are those of Hohenhe,|| Piccirelli,¶ L. Vigna,** Ch. Filliatre,†† A. Koyre,‡‡ and C. Ottaviano.§§

St. Anselm's life has in modern times been very fully dealt with by competent historians—Catholic and non-Catholic—such as Montalembert Dean Church, J. A. Mahler, R. Hasse, A. Porée, Martin Rule, Enrico Rossa, S. J., A. Levati, etc.

When in 1909 the eighth centenary of St. Anselm's death was solemnly commemorated, Pope Pius X issued his Encyclical Letter *Communium Rerum* in which he writes:||||

Anselm seems indeed to have been raised by God for the defence of Catholic truth, in order that through his teaching, preaching and writing, he should act as a safe guide, divert the waters of Christian wisdom to channels

* *In his Summa Theologica ad modum Commentarii in Aquinatis Summam praesentis aevi studii aptatam*, of which 9 volumes have appeared. Freiburg, 1900-1924.

† *La Théorie du libre arbitre depuis Saint Anselme jusqu'à Saint Thomas d'Aquin*. Louvain, 1929.

‡ *Zur Theologie Anselm's in Proslogion*. Catholica, 1933.

§ *Sancti Anselmi Cantuariensis Opera Omnia* 5 voluminibus comprehensa. Ad fidem codicum recensuit Franciscus Salesius Schmitt . . . Seckau, 1938- .

|| *Anselmi Cantuariensis philosophia*. Leipzig, 1867.

¶ *Disputationes metaphysicae de mente Sancti Anselmi*. Paris, 1885.

** *Sancti Anselmi filosofo*. Milan, 1899.

†† *La Philosophie de Saint Anselme*. Paris, 1920.

‡‡ Especially in *L'Idée de Dieu dans la philosophie de St. Anselme*. Paris, 1923.

§§ *S. Anselmo. Opere filosofiche*. Lanciano, 1929.

|||| *Acta Apost. Sedis*, 1909, n. 8, pp. 333-388.

flowing for the common good, and become the leader and norm of those Doctors who after him promoted Sacred Studies according to the scholastic method, of whom indeed he has been justly acclaimed the forerunner.*

In these days, when the fundamental truths concerning God's very existence, concerning sin and Redemption, the supernatural order, freewill, and Christian ethics are called into question, when Catholic theologians are mustering all their forces in order to defend these truths, a study of St. Anselm's works and of those of his commentators, especially of Cardinal Aguirre, may perhaps serve to refresh our minds and suggest to us methods and ideas, old yet new, by which to prove the objectivity and eternal reality of revealed doctrine enlightening and helping reason.

DOM ROMANUS RIOS, O.S.B.

THE STATECRAFT OF SAINT BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX

ST. BERNARD belonged to the earlier half of the twelfth century (1090-1153). The civilized—one might almost say the Christian—world of his day knew familiarly no other sovereign state than unlimited hereditary monarchy, the hereditary element of which would invariably reassert itself, even when for the moment dynastically violated by revolution or by external conquest. We speak of it as unlimited; for the communal spirit, the revival of which was noticeable for the most part in the cities of Northern Italy, stimulated doubtless by the example of Rome itself, was as yet of no very great force. Probably there lingered in the minds of some who were *litterati* the story of a world—which might seem to them to have been ideal—in which there was only one State, the Christian Empire, Divinely entrusted at the Church's discretion with the Material Sword, and, over against it, supreme and irresistible in the moral sphere, the one Catholic Church Divinely entrusted with the Spiritual Sword also. Such a world, however, had long been of the past, and its distance may have lent enchantment to its story. Yet there was in its fundamental principles something of the eternal. In the

* See also *San Anselmo d'Aosta, arcivescovo di Canterbury, 1033-1109. Scritti vari pubblicati nell'VIII centenario della morte, 1109-1909.* In *Rivista Storica Benedittina*, anno 4, fasc. 15. Rome, 1909.

case of the State this, alas, had proved too often the fragility of the earthen vessel; its maintenance had depended upon individual rulers or upon traditional dynasties. In the case of the Church there had been from time to time serious defaults, but atonement had always been made for them so drastically as to suggest that it would never finally be deprived of its Spiritual Sword. In truth its resiliency was of the Holy Ghost.

An aspect such as is here presented would have been quite evident to the mind of St. Bernard, a man whose frequent intercourse, in spite of his deeply rooted cloistral convictions and his indefatigable cloistral pursuits, was with popes and civil potentates. Indeed, it was for him an aspect interpreted by his inner life of mysticism, and its demands were usually met by him with unflinching tact. This is well illustrated by some thirteen of his letters, which in the Benedictine Edition of his works are grouped under the heading: *Ad Reges et Principes*. We take at random Epistle XCVII. It was addressed about the year 1132 to Conrad, Duke of Zähringen, a stronghold in the near neighbourhood of Freiburg-im-Breisgau. He was of Hapsburg stock, although perhaps himself no very mighty potentate. But he was a ruler who had his responsibilities, and he was capable of doing quite sufficient damage, if he so desired. Considering himself to have been wronged by Anselm I, Count of Geneva, he proposed to take summary vengeance. Anselm had invited mediation; he was ready to present himself and his case unreservedly at the bar of justice and to accept its verdict. *Ad justitiam se obtulit, et offert de omnibus quae te dicis habere adversus eum*, writes St. Bernard to Conrad, appealing to him in the name of One whose anger would certainly be incurred were he to invade a country not his own, to destroy churches, to set fire to dwelling-houses, to exile the poor and to shed human blood. The Saint does not suppose that Conrad is any stronger than his enemy—it is not for this reason that he appeals for peace—but he knows that God is much stronger than Conrad. Final victory can never be to the proud. The disaster of war is graphically described, and Conrad is reminded, as an *aculeus in fine*, that, whatever the ultimate material result may be, he and his cannot look to come off unscathed; the mutual impact of such great forces must inevitably mean mutual slaughter. We may infer that Anselm had no intention of yielding either to the threat or to the use of force, but that, if he was in the wrong, he preferred it to be proved judicially rather than that it should be assumed high-handedly by the party which charged him with it. He was a man of spirit, who would not be browbeaten. And the last thing which St. Bernard would have wished was that he should be a craven.

Naturally St. Bernard's dealings in the sphere of statecraft were frequent with Kings of France. On outstanding occasions they brought him in direct contact both with Western Emperors and with successful soldiers of fortune such as Roger of Sicily. How far his attitude towards the French Kings, Louis le Gros and Louis le Jeune, was modified by the influence of Suger, the great Abbot of St. Denis, an ardent monarchist, who during the period of the latter's absence on the Second Crusade was Vice-Gerent of France, it may be difficult to say; but the driving force of Suger's administration was doubtless often St. Bernard's massive thrust. A letter addressed to Suger about the year 1149 (*Ep.* 376, Ed. Bened.) expresses St. Bernard's disapproval of the recrudescence of the custom of holding tournaments which appears to have occurred in some force after the return of the Crusaders from the East. It was no mere healthy exercise which was here involved; no mere training in chivalric skill, reasonable enough in the case of a knightly race. It meant no less than blood shed and, too often, life taken. The ringleaders in the matter were Henry of Meaux, son of St. Bernard's friend, Theobald of Champagne, and Robert of Dreux, the King's brother, a marauding fellow; an *enfant terrible* who, when St. Bernard was on his death-bed, seems to have visited him and to have repented of his past. Meanwhile Louis le Jeune was absent, and these two irresponsible bloods were making havoc of civil peace. St. Bernard urges Suger as Chief Ruler of the Kingdom to suppress them, if necessary by force, both for the King's sake and for the Pope's, *ad quem pertinet regni custodia*.

It will be seen that the climax of his appeal to Suger expresses itself in a plain statement of the Church's right to wield the Spiritual Sword. We shall perhaps say that, the appellant being a monk, it could scarcely have been otherwise. There was, however, more in it than that. Suger was a wise and trustworthy public servant; he was Vice-Gerent of France, and as such he wielded the Material Sword. But he would not have questioned—no serious person in Western Europe at that time would have questioned—the right of the Apostolic See of Rome to wield the Spiritual Sword. The exercise of this right was, it may be, frequently disregarded, as by Louis le Jeune himself in 1142, when he refused the *regalia* of the See of Bourges to the nominee approved and consecrated by Innocent II—with the result that every place in France, where his presence might be found, was laid under an Interdict. But then, as it proved in this instance, an Interdict was a very serious matter in the twelfth century. The general opinion with regard to a civil ruler who braved an Interdict usually came to be that the Devil was at his elbow.

Almost at the same time as that at which the incident just cited occurred, Louis was moved to regard his royal suzerainty infringed by various marriages contracted or proposed to be contracted by his vassals without his consent. Matters were brought to an acute stage when Raoul, Count of Vermandois, who had contracted such a marriage, desired it to be annulled in order that he might espouse one Petronilla, sister of the Queen, Eleanor of Aquitaine. His plea was upheld by certain bishops—a little previously, for at a Council subsequently held at Lagny in 1142, over which the Apostolic Legate presided, Raoul was excommunicated, his country laid under an Interdict and his episcopal supporters deprived for the time of their jurisdiction.

That here again St. Bernard looked to as supreme the authority which wielded the Spiritual Sword is plain from a letter (*Ep.* 216, *Ed. Bened.*) addressed in the same year, 1142, to Innocent II. The bishops who had supported Raoul he regarded in the light of men who, being friends of Christ and so bound to do their best to mend the tattered garments of His Sacred Body, had lent themselves to the sacrilege of tearing them afresh. He would have the Pope restrain them *apostolico vigore*, that so their iniquity might fall upon their own heads; which in fact happened when, as has been said, they were suspended at Lagny by the Apostolic Legate.

In connection with these events occurred the savage burning of Vitry, a town in the dominions of Theobald of Champagne, in which upwards of a thousand innocent lives were lost. Theobald was an offence to Louis le Jeune not only, as we have seen, in the matter of Raoul's marriage, but also as having, in spite of the King's displeasure, recognized and sheltered the Pope's approved and consecrated nominee to the See of Bourges. In the course of invading Theobald's territory the utmost excesses were committed by Louis's soldiery. Such was the unbridled savagery that the King himself began to be in some terror as to what the end might be. He offered to evacuate the occupied territory, provided that the Pope would raise the Interdict upon Raoul's lands. St. Bernard wrote again to Innocent (*Ep.* 217, *Ed. Bened.*). It is an interesting letter. He speaks of the country as suffering from a veritable earthquake; everywhere unburied corpses; the houses of the poor ruined; even the rich in prison and in chains; and, above all, the life of religion brought into contempt. For a man so much as to speak of peace is thought to be dishonourable. (How the suggestion that a monk was a craven must have stung him! Only men who are afraid to fight talk of peace, forsooth! Is it so?) Were the Pope to raise the Interdict it would mean the end of this widespread desolation,

spiritual and material; and it would always be within his power to reimpose it at his discretion. Nothing whatever is said of the offence which had called for its imposition, namely the union between Raoul and the Queen's sister, Petronilla. On the score of this omission St. Bernard has sometimes been charged with opportunism. It is true that Raoul's first marriage—to Leonora, a niece of Theobald—had been pronounced by certain bishops to be invalid, strictly on the ground of consanguinity, a verdict almost immediately reversed, as we have seen, by the Apostolic Legate at Lagny. But the question did not therefore rest. Six years later, in 1148, the second marriage, the offence which had merited this Interdict, was declared valid by the Council of Rheims! Thus there was no need to reimpose it.

But an Interdict still lay upon every corner of France which at the moment happened to harbour the person of its King; for Louis was obdurate in refusing to grant the *regalia* of the See of Bourges. He was manifestly unhappy. The visits of a monarch who infected his hosts with the gravest of ecclesiastical diseases were not very welcome generally. He had hastily sworn that the Pope's approved nominee, one Peter de la Châtre, was the last person to whom he would grant the *regalia*. In 1143 St. Bernard wrote a letter (*Ep.* 219, Ed. Bened.) to Cardinals Alberic of Ostia, Stephen of Palestrina and other influential members of the *Curia*, pleading earnestly that mercy might triumph over judgement, and that some way, consistent with the liberty of the Church and the respect due to the Archbishop, might be found to raise the Interdict. Such a letter would scarcely have been written had not the King at least shown some sign of yielding. The Abbot of Maurigny was sent to Rome empowered to accept on Louis's part any terms of surrender. He returned fruitless. After the death of Innocent II on 24 September, 1143, St. Bernard wrote to his successor, Celestin II (*Ep.* 358, Ed. Bened.), urging strongly the direful state of France. This probably had some effect, for more emissaries from the King arrived in Rome shortly afterwards, were welcomed with marked cordiality by the Pope, and the Interdict was raised.

With one exception the incidents hitherto recorded are illustrative of St. Bernard's dealing with events occurring within the realm of France. But the area of his statecraft was no narrower than was the whole of Christendom. Pre-eminently is this true of the Schism in the Papacy and of the Second Crusade. We have referred to the charge of opportunism brought against him in the matter of the Interdict laid upon the territory of Raoul of Vermandois. We may perhaps say that without some measure

of what on the face of it might have appeared to be opportunism the Schism in the Papacy would never have been healed. "The law is an ass!" The phrase, whatever may be said of the sentiment which it expresses, had not at the time attained to proverbial rank. Had it been at all familiar St. Bernard would probably have echoed it. *Summum jus, summa injuria!* He knew how often this was true, and he based his conviction on the ground that equity is an attribute essential to the Eternal Reason, whereas statute law, constitutional procedure and the like are no more than accidents of the human effort to conform itself thereto, an effort which sometimes more or less succeeds and sometimes fails entirely. Therefore in the long-drawn, painful contest between Innocent II and Anacletus II he realized from the first that it was his duty to support in the *Curia* those Cardinals who were, not the more numerous, but, in the words of his friend Suger, the *maiores et sapientiores*, or, as was urged by other persons of high credit, the *pars sanior*. Whatever might have been pleaded in favour of the regularity of the election of Anacletus he would have discounted as negligible, when it was quite clear to his mind that to have placed such a man in Peter's Chair would have meant disaster to Christendom. If this be opportunism it is the opportunism of charity.

Louis le Jeune was but twenty-five years of age when, on the occasion of his coronation at Bourges in 1145, he revealed his strong desire to embark upon a Second Crusade. Suger did not look very favourably upon the project, and it was not until St. Bernard had been enlisted and had addressed the great assembly held at Vézelay on Palm Sunday, 31 March, 1146, that Christendom began to blaze with enthusiasm. In all that St. Bernard did in this cause—and he did what, we may well think, no one else could have done—we never fail to recognize his sane sense of his own limitations. It was urged upon him that he should himself take supreme command of the expedition to the East. He resolutely protested. When, alas, this expedition failed almost, if not quite, to the extent of being an international calamity, although insistent that the real cause of failure had been lack of *morale*, he humbly expressed himself ready to accept any obloquy which might fall upon him on this score. Looking back, we may perhaps wonder how far he rated the influence of his own personal presence below its true value. There need, surely, have been no apprehension of his interference in strategy or in tactics; but his personality actually present as a spiritual force might well have obviated the difficulties which inevitably arose out of international jealousies, out of a numerous camp-following of women of high rank including Eleanor of Aquitaine.

Ce que femme veut, Dieu le veut. He would effectively have negated so fatal a perversion of the accepted war-cry. And his personal presence *was* amazingly persuasive. Frequently his letters express his anxiety to meet his correspondents face to face, and tell naïvely of the devices which he would employ to overcome their opposition to his wishes. No physical fear ever deterred him from bearding the lion in his den; nothing but the conviction that he was before aught else a monk; that the cloister was, after all, his immediate sphere of influence. And, of course, it was. He often suffered from a kind of claustral nostalgia; and when on long journeys or far abroad he would feelingly lament his separation from his own sons in their common home at Clairvaux. A sound judgement tells us that it is in this unfailing fidelity to his monastic calling, with all the spiritual intensity which it implied, that the real secret of his power is to be found. This it was which made his life as a statesman to be at once so disinterested and so responsible.

The years of the Schism in the Papacy, 1130-1138, were increasingly a period of warfare involving both greater and lesser powers. This may be explained, of course, by mutual jealousies, sometimes personal, sometimes national, in France, in Germany and in the Mediterranean coastlands. But the general strife was made more acute by the part played by Roger of Sicily; in fact it was due to his support of Anacletus, who had successfully purchased his adherence by the recognition of his royalty, that even after the death of the pseudo-Pontiff the Schism was maintained in being. Roger was a terrible specimen of the old sea-roving Norman type. Frankly he sought Mediterranean empire, with the Genoese, the Pisans, the Patrimony of Peter and the rest out of the way; to this end he spared no means, however brutal; the atrocities of his Saracen auxiliaries were a byword. So early as 1137 the Abbot of Monte Cassino had pleaded for peace. Roger's reply was that, if he caught him, he would hang him on the spot. But St. Bernard was not to be scared after such a fashion. Roger was at the time on the plains behind Salerno in command of his troops and facing those of his son-in-law Ranulph, Duke of Alife, whose dominions he had already annexed in 1135. St. Bernard at once presented himself, spent some days in camp with Roger and told him plainly that he was courting failure. Reinforcements arrived and the Norman would hear no more of peace. Crossing over to Ranulph's host, St. Bernard promised him victory and went on his way—to hear before long the triumphal shouts of the Duke's army in pursuit of Roger and his routed forces (*Vita Prima*, II, vii, 43 seq.). Interpret this story as we will, it is undoubtedly typical of St.

Bernard's way of doing unpleasant work himself personally, when it was clear to him that it ought to be done.

One more instance of this sense of responsibility for the influence of his personal presence may be given. Such a sense, confirmed by experience and stimulated by his friends, would have deepened as the years passed. It was not six months before his death in 1153. On his sick-bed he received a visit from the Archbishop of Trier, telling him of disastrous warfare between the people of Metz—supported by their Bishop, Stephen—and Matthew, Duke of Lorraine, a somewhat brutal and unscrupulous ruler. At Froidmont on the Moselle more than two thousand Messines had just been massacred, and the great city was burning for revenge. What could St. Bernard do to promote peace? What in fact he did was to rise from his sick-bed and journey direct to the banks of the Moselle, where he found the hostile forces facing one another across the stream. Both enemies retired, although, alas, unreconciled; but it is quite certain that neither of them would join battle in his presence; and not long afterwards some sort of peace was made at a conference of the leaders of both parties, followed by another similar conference which ensured it at any rate for a time (*Vita Prima*, V, i, 3 seq.).

The Church, St. Bernard would have contended, is ruled as are the Angels (cf. *In Cant. Cant.*, XXVII, 7), and, in his ideology, the State also is a theocracy. Before the Angels were confirmed in their allegiance some of them fell. Man as an individual remains, during his earthly lifetime, still on his probation. As a corporation the ultimate destiny of the Church as an *Ecclesia Triumphans* is Divinely assured. As a corporation no State has any ultimate destiny at all. Its individual citizens, whether rulers or ruled, have such a destiny submitted to their free choice, but only as citizens, actual or possible, of the *Civitas Dei*. In this sense we may interpret the statecraft of St. Bernard. It simply centred in God, to whom every measure taken by the civil ruler should be referred.

WATKIN WILLIAMS.

THE NUN IN WARTIME

ONE of the pleasanter by-products of wartime is to make everyone a little more sympathetically aware of how other people live. In the routine of less eventful days men and women are inclined to go their narrow way, missing a good deal of that

diversity of outlook and of that heartening of purpose which comes of contact with other minds.

The nun is a familiar figure in practically every city of the world, or was so before September 1939. Most people would vaguely miss the white headdress, the black or grey robes with their hint of shining beads or silver crucifix, should these disappear from their ken. They are very ready to attribute some kindly altruistic purpose to the "good Sisters" who pass them in the street, but one may hope that this mild benevolence has been shaken into a more rational, more firmly grounded understanding since the war has tested the value of the nun's self-dedication.

The "Report on the Three Women's Services",* issued recently, shows clearly how the position of women in the Forces today is "a significant measure of changes which have come about during recent years". The Report traces back these changes to the pioneer work of Florence Nightingale nearly a century ago. It is, however, of importance to remember that Miss Nightingale drew much inspiration from the nuns whom she found already in the field, and that she not only admired them, but paid them the supreme compliment of learning from their methods. "What training," she once exclaimed, "is there compared to that of the Catholic Nun?"†

A nun's training is, of course, conditioned by her whole philosophy of life, her belief, her purpose, her ideal and the unbroken tradition of Catholic womanhood. Within the framework of that tradition the different Religious Orders have been founded, most of them, be it noted, to meet some crisis or emergency. Sometimes the need was felt in the realm of thought, and then a purely contemplative Order drew together in a spiritual fellowship women who opposed the barrier of their united prayer to the harmful influence of their times. Sometimes a social or material need brought into being active congregations devoted to teaching, nursing, welfare work, to the care of soldiers in military hospitals or of natives on the mission field.

For instance, in the troubled days of feudalism the ordered peace of Benedictine convents did much to influence the outlook of women in the world. There was plenty of intercourse between the convents and the homes around them, for girls were educated; grown women received hospitality in times of stress, of special loneliness, of sickness; men and women were employed, cared for and instructed; while the beauty of God's Church was enhanced by the steady advance in artistic productions such as

* His Majesty's Stationery Office, 1942.

† Letter to Cardinal Manning. June, 1852.

needlework, embroidery, illuminating, singing, within the precincts of the cloister. Thus the standard of thought and manners, a standard founded upon the teaching and practice of the Divine Liturgy, softened, refined and uplifted the whole tone of womanhood. Nor was the Benedictine convent without influence upon the intellectual life of the country. The late Professor Chambers in his essay on the *Development of English Prose* brings out the debt of English literature to the Benedictine nuns, since it was for nuns that the earliest prose works were written in modern English. Apparently the authors of the *Ancren Rewle*, the *Scale of Perfection* and the *Cloud of Unknowing*, took it for granted that a woman would be more at home in English than in Latin (the ordinary vehicle for learned works at the time), but they did not for that write *down* to them, as to persons of little culture or understanding. Indeed, the works mentioned, as well as the writings of Dame Juliana of Norwich, bear witness to a high level of accurate and disciplined thought.

The influence wielded by a Benedictine convent, not to speak of those few great double monasteries governed by Abbesses, such as that of St. Hilda's at Whitby, is one that cannot be ignored by the social historian, nor can the impact of personalities like that of Bridget of Sweden, Catherine of Siena, Teresa of Avila, all women who were alive to the speculative and practical needs of their day and who were ready to face them in their manifold details. In a fully Catholic civilization the position of consecrated womanhood could be fully integrated into the social environment and thus could leaven the whole trend of women's lives, or, to change the metaphor, could illuminate by theory and example every facet of Christian life.

Now, both in the ages of Faith and, later, after the disruption of Christendom, one or another social or material need again and again brought into being active congregations devoted to teaching, nursing, welfare work of every kind, as well as to missionary activity. After the chaos of the French Revolution, when the crying need was the rechristianizing of every class of society, literally hundreds of teaching congregations were founded and set up schools which, according to the standards of their day, were modern in outlook and method. We may cite as a witness to this fact the report of the "Préfecture de la Seine", made in 1845 on the secondary schools for girls, conducted by nuns in that department. The report states that "eight or ten of these are outstanding (*hors ligne*) as regards the strength of their studies" and gives the roll of names. When we read further that the total number of these schools was twenty-five, then the percentage of excellently conducted establishments is certainly

sufficiently high, whatever the others may have been like, to give one food for thought, especially when one considers the anti-clerical spirit which put innumerable difficulties in the way of schools conducted by Religious, and was hardly likely to give too easily either praise or encouragement.

Elsewhere we have noted the inspiration which Florence Nightingale drew from the ideals and methods of convent life. Her biographer, Sir Edward Cook, says:

The spirit of Catholic saintliness and especially the spirit in which contemplative piety was joined to active benevolence appealed strongly to her. She read books of Catholic devotion constantly and made innumerable annotations in them and from them. She admired intensely the aid which Catholic piety had given and was giving to many of her friends—to the Bermondsey nuns especially and to the Mothers and Sisters of the Trinità dei Monti (Rome)—towards purity of heart and the doing of everything from a right motive. Then again, to be "businesslike" was with Miss Nightingale almost the highest commendation, and in this character also the Roman Church appealed to her. Its acceptance of doctrines in all their logical conclusions seemed to her businesslike; its organisation was businesslike; its recognition of women-workers was businesslike.*

The idea of woman's work, with the consequent development of personality, is one which the Catholic Church has never abandoned, though in the unnatural trends of modern society the idea may sometimes have become obscured. While the many peculiarities which now hedge round the life of a nun may blind onlookers to her readiness for alert and willing service, this notion was evidently present to the mind of Cardinal Hinsley when he rallied his nuns to meet the war crisis in September 1939. He wrote:

It will be necessary for all to help immediately. The nursing auxiliary and the casualty organizations will require many more women to staff hospitals and first-aid posts. Through Lady Peel, Catholic Representative of the Women's Voluntary Services, all nuns volunteering can be allocated direct to hospitals, even if they have had no previous training or experience. The question of veils has been worrying some of the Orders. In time of national emergency there should be no scruples. It is strongly advocated that a simplified form of headdress be adopted by all. . . .†

Even before the horrors of the Blitz had made these instructions, with their added detailed suggestions, of most practical import, thousands of nuns had been swept into the stream of evacuation. The first days of September 1939 saw the departure of schools for unknown destinations, the nun-teachers taking

* *Life of Florence Nightingale*. (Macmillan, 1913.) Vol. I, pp. 487-8.

† Letter to *The Tablet*, 2 September, 1939.

their place with their secular colleagues. Before long, Religious were billeted in most unlikely places, sharing schools with members of other denominations, exchanging pupils with secular schools, visiting their children in their various new homes. Though sometimes received with fear and consternation, they rarely met with hostility, and barriers quickly fell between people drawn together by the common interests and the common purpose of the war. The virile simplicity of a nun's life, which, at the best of times, is pruned down to essential necessities, made the hardships of evacuation less onerous to her than to many another. Strange as the outward surroundings might be, austerity, discipline and cheerfulness were no strangers, and helped greatly to the formation of a calm, steady and appreciative outlook on things and people.

As the two first years of the war dispersed nuns in country places where, often-enough, the Catholic religion and the idea of religious life were both unknown, they were billeted, now in the local Vicarage, now in some stately household, now in conditions of real hardship and poverty. Every place offered opportunities for those who could take them. Sometimes the nuns taught their children in a Church of England school, sometimes they shared premises with the local Council schools, sometimes they had to improvise arrangements for classes. Who shall say what barriers were broken down, what horizons opened, what currents of tolerance and open-hearted charity were set flowing? Moreover, the demands of the evacuation-crisis brought to flower many a hidden talent which might otherwise have remained for ever in the bud. Many a fine "billeting officer", many an outstanding organizer of hospital, canteen, or emergency service, has stood revealed in the last few years, so that the question is sometimes forced upon one: does opportunity lag behind training in the social circumstances of convent life? And if it does, is our modern world responsible for the waste of power?

Although it is tempting to linger over the experiences of those who took their children into safety, one must hasten on to speak of the war effort of the nuns who stayed behind in the evacuated school premises. Very quickly these were transformed into A.R.P. stations, First-Aid posts, quarters for the W.V.S., for one of the Women's Services or for other units. Playing-fields became the practising ground of Home Guard or training corps; in more than one case a barrage balloon found anchorage in convent grounds. The nuns often catered for their new guests, organizing canteens and other services. In every convent a large number of the inmates took training in A.R.P. and first

aid, some, after qualifying as wardens, going round to lecture in different Religious houses. A Mother Superior writes:

Before the outbreak of war, two of our Sisters were sent by the W.V.S. to take the anti-gas I.B. Courses at the Home Office schools, where they both qualified as instructors—one, a special instructor, gained the highest marks. The Sisters did the full course, and as this included such exercises as "sand-bagging" and service respirators, and also getting into dungarees to deal with real "live" one-kilo-electron bombs, there was no little concern among the members of the staff, but they both came through their training with flying colours.

Following the timely advice of the Cardinal, nun-wardens naturally had to exchange their habits for more suitable clothing, even the young members of a Carmelite monastery adopting *boiler-suits* when fire-watching.

Closely connected with defence measures are the nursing and medical services. Nuns were responsible during the Blitz for first-aid and medical posts in shelters, they served in mobile ambulances or in emergency hospitals for air-raid victims as well as in the regular military hospitals. Sisters went down night after night into the public shelters, where so many poor people sought refuge from bombs. The number of qualified medical practitioners, anaesthetists and dentists among nuns is rising, and with it, also, the level of hospitals run by Religious. Perhaps the greatest development of nuns' work, since the outbreak of war, has been in midwifery, which was so specially recommended to them by the late Pope Pius XI. As more doctors are called to the front, this work will probably be more and more needed.

While no evidence has yet come to light of nuns actually working in factories, some of the more enclosed Orders have their small war industries. One report says:

For a time before the war we made hospital dressings for the Red Cross. Later we took a sub-contract for Admiralty work on sailors' uniforms. We have also embroidered naval badges and have a direct contract with the Admiralty connected with naval equipment.

Others have worked at camouflage-netting, sewing or knitting for the Forces, or, again, have contributed help to postal services.

True to monastic tradition, the convents have been foremost in the effort to cultivate the land, and in many places they have produced fruit and vegetables, not only for the household but also for market. Farms have been intensely developed, and Sisters as harvesters have made an impression on the local population which "saw with interest the white-garbed nuns handling with professional skill the hayfork and rake, loading

the carts and driving them to the hayrick".* More than once a farmer's crop was saved by the help of the nuns' labour.

Another integral part of monastic tradition, the fostering of the homely arts, is kept up, even under war conditions. When the domestic staff is called up for munition work, all the cleaning, cooking, washing, repair and decoration of the house falls upon the Sisters. It is of no small account for them to maintain a standard of care and seemliness and even ordered beauty in these times of disintegration. In some places the nuns have tried their hands at the builder's art and at tiling floors, suggesting thus possibilities for useful and much needed activity when peace comes again.

It is well to remember, in troubled days, the importance of anything that keeps up the standard of ordered life and the beauty of intercourse which are both threatened by any sudden upheaval. Indeed, the quiet peace of those who have elected to live a communal life at the price of individual self-sacrifice is one of the major benefits conferred by the Religious household upon the world outside its walls. A Religious community is spared much of the ugliness, the scramble for existence, the petty strife engendered by the ceaseless difficulties of a wartime social organization, and community life, while remaining frugal and hardy, can keep its human dignity, to the lasting benefit of the society in which it finds itself. Those convents which have given to the aged a quiet refuge and a dignified setting to their last years of life have surely done something for our war-tossed world which no material standards can assess?

At the other end of the scale, and more vocal in its requirements, is Catholic youth, with all its ardour of goodwill and its possibilities of training. Several Religious Orders have inaugurated or developed clubs for girls and so have brought themselves into line with the National Youth Movement. Convents have G.T.C. Companies, part of the instructions being given by nuns. They also offer courses of lectures for girls in the Forces, classes in shorthand, typing, book-keeping, physical training and other subjects for girls preparing to join up.

It would seem that a good deal remains to be done in that field as there is a dearth of lecturers for the Women's Services, and a need of much greater development in our pre-Service work. A linking up of systems which will combine some unity with plenty of individual initiative, some central organization to distribute lecturers and youth leaders where they are wanted, seems desirable and necessary. The danger is, of course, that any lagging behind may leave us open to state-regimentation, yet, in the

* *The Universe*, June 1942.

nature of things, these developments take place slowly, and, if hurried, tend to be ephemeral and unreal.

Very steady progress is, on the contrary, to be noted in the work for the nursery school or the junior department, and the number of Sisters now training for infant-teaching and welfare work is steadily increasing. Catholic nursery schools and training departments have been opened in several widely scattered places. In Dorsetshire and in Lancashire, residential nursery schools for bombed-out children are run by nuns, while all over the country convents have maintained their tradition of hospitality by opening their doors to refugees or orphan children.

All these activities have naturally broken down some of the customs which time tends to harden in any system of regular life, and we find nuns adopting activities and duties from which in more peaceful days they would normally have been cut off. The test for them is to show that nothing need interfere with the central reality of their religious life, which is a life of dedication and acceptance of the duties of the moment, whatever these may be. Thus nursing Sisters, and those teaching widely scattered pupils in country districts, have had to drive their own cars. One convent has sent one of its members, a skilled driver, to the F.A.N.Y.S., among whom she had done good work in the last war. Called back to her post because she was on the Reserve list, this Religious went with the approbation of Ecclesiastical Superiors and is now in uniform driving Army cars, instructing recruits and discharging administrative duties in her unit.

Though most of the field of social service has been covered by the activities enumerated above, mention must be made of the hostels for the unmarried mother and her child, undertaken by two or three congregations. Immense possibilities for future developments lie before the pioneers in this field; since the questions of preventive and remedial measures, with their moral problems and medical implications, can be brought under the influence of religion when treated by Catholics and nuns.

Many convents bring comfort to prisoners of war, either to enemy prisoners when these are sent to work on the land, or by sending parcels to our own men in enemy hands. The Bureau for tracing the whereabouts of these last, and for putting them in touch with their families, is situated in a Convent of the Holy Child in London, under the direct supervision of His Grace the Apostolic Delegate.

From all this it will be clear that the war emergency has forced the nun to take her place beside the patriotic and public-spirited women who everywhere are giving their best service to the country. While they have been allowed to register as "Religious

Sisters" and to undertake duties in some way connected with their normal religious life, nevertheless they have taken up the responsibilities of wartime and have shown that adaptation and adjustment can take place without loss of inner spiritual values. If the tremendous changes of the last half century ask for new forms of service, new adaptations to modern ways of life, the essential spirit of dedication is always the same. As Father Vincent McNabb, O.P., wrote twenty-five years ago:

Monasteries of women protected against lawless men by enclosures and excommunications were a first necessary step towards the emancipation of women. But this step should not be the final step—beginnings must give way to ends. Women should not always need protection.*

The war has given nuns many opportunities. It has also taught them many lessons. The future will show how the contacts made during wartime can be developed to enrich work and experience. But the significance of a nun's life must always lie in the realm of ideas, and it is noteworthy from the first that a large number of the convents have earnestly supported the Movement of the Sword of the Spirit. The Association of Convent Schools has set up a sub-committee to further the work of the Movement and has a representative on the Sword Executive. A rota of Religious houses keeps up daily intercession for the spread of those Christian principles which find expression in the *Sword Bulletin*.

The doctrine of the dignity of human personality, of personal responsibility and vocation, of that inner spiritual freedom upon which alone can be built up the beauty and ordered peace of human life, must surely appeal to nuns. A recent message of the Cardinal to the members of the Sword of the Spirit seems to sum up for them the import of the Movement:

We must put first things first. In this world-wide conflict there is a spiritual front and a material front; the outward clash of mechanical forces is the sign of the inward battle which goes on more fiercely today than ever between the two loves, of God and of self, which have created the two opposing cities, the city of God and the city of Satan. We cannot be blind to the issues at stake. We must do our part to win the Peace of Christ.†

That these Christian principles will need to find new forms of expression in a changing world, who can doubt? An inspiring article in *The Clergy Review* for January directs our gaze to opening horizons, though it must still leave the prospect dim before our eyes. Writing of "The Clergy and the New Order", Dom Aelred Graham, O.S.B., says:

* *The Catholic Suffragist*. Oct. 15, 1917.

† *The Sword of the Spirit, what it is and what it does*. August 1942.

It would indeed be rash to prophesy in any detail what the post-war world will be like; but it would be even more foolish and a plain neglect of duty not to attempt to read the signs of the times and anticipate as intelligently as we can the situation which will confront us. Moreover, there is sufficient evidence to suggest that the English social structure will be different from what it was before the war. . . .

The fact that the Holy Spirit presides over what may be called the "grand strategy" of the Church does not absolve us from our responsibility as "tacticians". We have to be aware of what is going on about us, devising new methods to meet new needs. . . . A sincere loyalty to the *depositum fidei*, "the faith once delivered to the saints", seems capable of blinding the mind to the truth that different situations demand different methods of treatment, fresh problems call for fresh solutions. The lesson of history appears to be that attacks on the Faith are to be met, not by the iteration of old arguments and appeals to the past, but by facing the attackers on the ground they have chosen, winning them over or refuting them on their own premises.

A new era is upon us . . . the saints of a mid-twentieth century cannot be the slavish counterparts of a Bernard or a John of the Cross. Will not two qualifications in particular be in demand, the one intellectual, the other spiritual and moral—viz. a keen theological awareness and that self-forgetfulness which is the essence of humility?

So a priest speaking to priests. For nuns also the call to holiness and to apostleship is urgent. But both holiness and apostleship have to be worked out in terms of contemporary civilization in a Church with whom the Holy Spirit abides *all days*.

M. O'LEARY.

SOME RECENT BOOKS

Is Christianity True? A Correspondence between Arnold Lunn and C. E. M. Joad. Fourth edition with a new preface by C. E. M. Joad. (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 10s.).
God and Evil. By C. E. M. Joad. (Faber and Faber. 8s. 6d.).

THE arguments against the Faith change from generation to generation, and Dr. Joad, who has great talent for crystallizing the mood of the moment, may be congratulated on having made in the course of our correspondence almost every point that a clever young man might have made against Christianity in the first decade after the war. Dr. Joad is a scholar of Balliol. He took a first in *Litteraræ humaniores*, and was a teacher of philosophy at the time that we exchanged these letters, but a man does not lose caste in academic circles because he

is convicted of knowing nothing of the Church which founded almost all the great Universities of Europe. Dr. Joad's unruffled good-humour was unaffected by a series of corrections on points of fact which he made no attempt to challenge. As a sample of the kind of remark which he withdrew good-humouredly was his statement that "European culture of practically every kind dwindled almost to zero between 1309 and 1492".

Dr. Joad is a man of strong prejudices, but he is intellectually honest, and is prepared to concede a point. He knew nothing about the Church when we began to exchange letters, but enough by the time we had concluded our correspondence to realize that Catholicism could not be dismissed with a few smart-alec jibes. The contrast between the tone of his public references to Christianity before and since the publication of this book is in itself strong evidence of the value of this type of controversy. Even in 1930 I realized that Dr. Joad was likely to play an increasingly important part in the popularizing of religious and philosophic doctrines, and that it was therefore of the utmost importance to jump at the chance which his challenge offered of educating one of our educators. He could reach a public which I could never hope to reach, and his name on the cover of the book would ensure that the case for Christianity would reach many of those half-baked dupes of modern pundits who never come into contact with Catholic literature.

Of course there have been many influences, some of which he refers to in these books, which have helped to shape his beliefs, and all I claim for my own modest share in the process is that I helped to break down certain barriers due to ill-informed prejudices and to convince that there was at least a *prima facie* case for the Church. I enjoyed our controversy because I had a feeling of affection for my sparring partner, and though we exchanged hard blows there was no malice. The controversy ended, as all the pleasantest controversies do end, in an atmosphere of mutual esteem and goodwill. "I may one day," he wrote in his last letter, "come to share your present convictions, as I apparently share your past doubts. If I do, you may well claim to have sown in my unconscious the seed of my future conversion. There, for the present, let it germinate—if it can."

If it can. . . . I can well understand the reader of these letters having little faith in seed sown on such apparently rocky soil, and yet the germinating process had begun. Dr. Joad has still a great distance to travel before we can begin to hope for his conversion, but he has travelled a long way since we exchanged these letters. I am hopeful of his conversion, if not to Catholicism at least to Christianity, for many reasons. In the first place he is an uncompromising rationalist, and there is no room for people who appeal to reason in the modern ideologies. To the third edition of our book he wrote a preface in

which he insisted that however much he and I might differ about Christianity, we at least agreed in our faith in reason. Unlike most of our contemporaries, we did not regard reason as a cork bobbing about in the waves of sex and inherited complexes. In the second place Dr. Joad is intellectually honest and does not suffer from that morbid vanity which forbids so many moderns ever to concede a point. Again, he has none of that provincial narrowness which inspires so many of our moderns with a hatred for the legacy of Catholic Europe. He is not one of those who date history from Karl Marx or from the foundation of the Fabian Society. I remember in the early days of our friendship noticing the reproductions of Italian primitives on his study walls. Nobody could write the "Soliloquy in Lincoln Cathedral", which is the best thing in his book *God and Evil*, who was wholly unconscious of all that England lost when she took the wrong turning at the Reformation.

"Perhaps something," he writes, "must be allowed for my own mood in which discontent with a civilization which, I knew, could produce no building of even comparable impressiveness and horror of the background of our times which enhanced both the serenity and the remoteness of the Cathedral, combined to invest the whole experience with a feeling of nostalgia for a past in which such creations were possible." (p. 355.)

In spite of the fact that Dr. Joad was once President of a body with some such dreadful name as "Federation of Progressive Societies", he did not have much in common with so-called progressives. For the progressive ideologies are the products of industrialism and Megalopolis. Unlike our modern progressives, who carry the town with them to the country, Dr. Joad is a countryman transplanted into the town. Every line which he writes about the country rings true, and I have often wondered what his Federation of Progressive Societies made of his statement that he would not allow any steel thing in his house, since most of the things which he detested were made of steel.

Dr. Joad confesses to vanity, but vanity is not inconsistent with humility. We may court the good opinion of our fellows and bask in their applause and yet be only too conscious of our shortcomings. Dr. Joad's streak of humility may yet lead him, if not into the Church, at least to that threshold where so many remain. In this connection one of his own analogies has perhaps more force than he realizes. In his youth he enjoyed music in a vague, uneducated fashion, but believed that the significance of music had been grossly exaggerated, and that those who spoke as if the experience of listening to music were the best thing that life offered were *poseurs*. But a musical friend of his impressed him by the advice to give music a trial. "Experiment, listen continuously to music, be patient, see what happens and meanwhile cultivate a little humility." He followed this advice and great was his reward.

Dr. Joad is prepared to admit that there may be a close analogy between religious and musical experience and that the appreciation of religion, like the appreciation of music, may demand education, patience and humility, and there are welcome signs in this book that he is applying the methods, which increased his insight into music, in his quest for religious truth.

Patience was certainly not the most conspicuous characteristic of his attitude to Christianity which finds expression in our correspondence. To a refutation of one of many complete misrepresentations of Catholic doctrine he replied impatiently that he objected to being "browbeaten with authorities of whom no busy man can be expected to have heard". But if he was as busy as all that he should have ignored Christianity instead of attacking it. Patience is essential in the preparation for an attack. The impatience of Dr. Joad is yielding to the influence of time and experience of life. He is far readier than he was to admit that Christianity can neither be assimilated nor rejected in a hurry. And the humility which was not wholly concealed even in the earlier book is apparent in many passages of *God and Evil*. In a review of his autobiography I quoted Chesterfield's comment on those who "confess themselves into all the cardinal virtues" and congratulated him on his candour in admitting to defects which most people are only too anxious to conceal. In *God and Evil* there is a passage of self-criticism unequalled in contemporary literature for its candour, a passage which may be specially commended to all those who divide mankind into the disinterested champions of the poor (themselves) and the selfish champions of privilege.

"If I gave evidence," writes Dr. Joad, "of a certain large goodwill which led me to devote myself to causes which aimed at the amelioration of the lot of my less fortunate fellows, it was the approval of my neighbours, and perhaps of myself, rather than the welfare of mankind that I sought. Moreover, I was a good speaker and public work fed the flames of the complacency with the applause which my many appearances upon the platform brought me . . . but though pervaded by a vague humanitarianism in public, in private I was selfish, possessive and predatory. When they conflicted, I was never prepared to sacrifice my interests to those of other people, nor does my memory embrace many occasions on which I seriously put myself out to aid my fellows. It does, however, remind me that, when occasion arose, I could be as malicious and as cruel as the best, or, rather, the worst, of them. There were certain virtues, chastity and humility, for example, to which I was an almost complete stranger." (p. 180.)

Dr. Joad has a real talent for popularizing philosophy, and because he is eminently readable he is both envied and depreciated by those who are merely learned. Learning is a by-product of leisure. To write a learned book is a matter of time. To write a readable book is a matter of talent. To write a valuable book is a matter of judgement. Sometimes those who have talent and judgement also have leisure, and

the result is a book of profound scholarship written in an attractive style.

Nothing could be clearer than Dr. Joad's statement of the problem of evil. I have no space to summarize his summary, or the process which has led him from the inexplicable fact of evil to a belief in a God and to a reconsideration of the case for Christianity, but I should like to discuss his reply to Mr. Christopher Hollis's challenge, or rather the resemblances and difference of his reaction to this challenge and to the very similar challenge expressed in my letters.

In our correspondence Dr. Joad had begun by the customary attempt to distinguish between Christ, whom he professed to admire, and the Christian priesthood which he despised, and he was disconcerted when I reminded him that the doctrine of Hell was not an invention of wicked priests but was accepted on the authority of our Lord.

"My remark," he wrote, "that hell is an invention of the priesthood must be withdrawn; it was born of the desire to do what I could by dint of a little harmless omission for the reputation and memory of one whom I both admire and revere, and I am sorry, for Christ's sake, that you won't let it pass." (p. 123.)

So that it would seem that one of the positive results of our controversy was to weaken Dr. Joad's admiration for Christ, for in *God and Evil* he not only recognizes our Lord's responsibility for the doctrine of Hell but also for many other views which he finds distasteful, and yet paradoxically these hard edges of Christ's personality, which he once sought to blur and to forget, have a curious attraction for him. With his customary lucidity he compresses the worst that can be said against Christianity and its influence into a few telling pages, and then just as we are beginning to wonder whether the seed sown on the Joadian soil would never germinate, we come to this admission:

"Deterioration has often been associated with a decline of Christianity as, for example, at the present time. With the decline of Christianity something has faded out of Western civilization; a vitalizing, a humanizing, a refining and a restraining influence has been withdrawn." (p. 351.)

Mr. Christopher Hollis has been no more successful than I was in forcing Mr. Joad to face up to the problem of the empty tomb. Mr. Hollis is puzzled by people, like Dr. Joad, who have great sympathy for certain aspects in Christianity, and who are increasingly interested in Christianity, but apparently completely uninterested in the central event which is the basis of the Christian creed. "What is puzzling is not that they do not accept the Resurrection, but that they do not seem to be interested in it."

"The disciples," I wrote, "returned to Jerusalem and preached the Resurrection. Clearly if the tomb had not been empty, the Priests would have triumphantly produced the body. . . . In all the literature of the period there is no suggestion that the emptiness of the tomb was disputed. The only controversy which is recorded turns on the question as to whether the disciples had stolen the tomb. The vacancy of the tomb was common ground to the Christians and to their enemies. I await your explanation of one of the best attested facts in history."

It is a sound canon of historical criticism to attach more weight to contemporary refutations of a given statement, theory or claim than to theories excogitated after a long interval of time. The Pharisees, who were supremely interested in discrediting the Resurrection, must have considered the various attempts to explain the empty tomb which have since been advanced by enemies of the Faith, but they were handicapped, as our modern sceptics are not, by the necessity of fitting their theories to facts which could be tested *at the time*. They knew what they could get away with, and their story was that the apostles had stolen the body of our Lord, in which case, of course, the men who were prepared to face death in defence of the Resurrection were also well aware that the Resurrection had never taken place.

Dr. Joad replied by reproving me for wasting space which should have been devoted to Jesus' "doctrines of immense ethical importance" on "vulgar marvels". Dr. Joad ignored the empty tomb, and fell back in despair on an odd collection of unimpressive authorities and was disingenuous enough to imply that the extreme modernists whom he quoted could not be "accused of bias against the Resurrection" because they were Christians! He had undermined his own case by making too many concessions, such as the admission that St. Paul's Epistles to the Corinthians, in which St. Paul summarizes the Resurrection appearances on the authority of eye-witnesses, was written within thirty years of the Resurrection. He also admitted the untenableness of any theory of collective hallucination, which would in any event provide no explanation of the empty tomb.

"I leave you to defend," I wrote, "the only remaining alternative, the theory that the apostles invented the whole story, and were ready to face death and torture for a monstrous and superfluous and pointless lie. 'I readily believe,' said Pascal, 'those stories whose witnesses get their throats cut.'"

And at this point Dr. Joad dropped the subject. I return to it because I am convinced that if he had the patience to examine the evidence he would find it impossible to deny the Resurrection. The impatience of Dr. Joad is the main obstacle to his enlightenment. If he could give as much time to religion as he has given to music, his reward would be even greater. But there is little evidence of deep research even in this later book. He has read round the subject of

mysticism but does not, as yet, seem interested in sanctity. Father Martindale's little book, *What Are Saints?*, which can be bought for half a crown, would, I know, interest him. When last I saw Aldous Huxley he assured me that he read every book on saints that was published. Dr. Joad's religious reading seems to be confined in the main to English and Anglican authors. He should put some questions to a Brains Trust which has been in existence for nineteen centuries. *Fecisti nos ad te et inquietum est cor nostrum donec requiescat in te.* Impatience is giving way to disquiet, the disquiet of the soul, which, as St. Augustine says, is made for God and can find no rest save in God. Those who have travelled the same road will watch with increasing sympathy the spiritual Aeneid of this talented, honest and likeable pilgrim.

ARNOLD LUNN.

Church and State in Fascist Italy. By D. A. Binchy. (Published for the Royal Institute of International Affairs by the Oxford University Press.)

It is rare to meet a book on some controversial matter of modern politics which has the perspective of historical judgement, presenting personalities and events not under the limelight of contemporary prejudice but under the daylight of ascertained truth. If some Acton of the future were writing the story of Benito Mussolini and Pius XI, he would write, we may be sure, in Dr. Binchy's vein, and there is little doubt that he would reach the same conclusions. As we follow Dr. Binchy's clear analysis and vivid portraiture, we have a sense of security which is seldom given us by the historian of recent events. His admirable style carries us through a very complicated story, and even though we may here and there question the emphasis of his opinions, I do not see how the dispassionate reader can resist their general weight. Anyone who was surprised by Italy's "stab in the back" will have lost his astonishment by the time he lays down this book. Acton's dictum that "all power corrupts, and absolute power corrupts absolutely" was never illustrated more clearly than in the story of the Fascist State in its relation to the Catholic Church.

Dr. Binchy does not disguise his own outlook. "Fascism, both in its theory and its practice, has always been abhorrent to me, and thus I have been singularly immune from a temptation which, up to recently at least, used to trouble some of my co-religionists in Great Britain, the temptation '... to gaze on prosperous tyrants with a dazzled eye'. At the same time, I do not believe that my dislike of the totalitarian machine has led me to minimize any of its practical achievements, or to deal unfairly with the remarkable man who for twenty years had dictated the tortuous course of Italian Fascism. ... Nor have I sought to dismiss the attitude of philo-Fascist

Catholics in Italy as 'diplomatic' rather than genuine. I have met several whose deep attachment to the régime was beyond suspicion, and while I wholly dissent from their view that a synthesis between Fascism and Christian doctrine can be achieved, I have never thought of questioning the sincerity with which they held it."

This is fair enough, and it is among the merits of Dr. Binchy's book that he does not, in general, allow his point of view to warp his judgement. He begins with a clear summary of the Roman problem, and the long quarrel between the Church and the Risorgimento. He admits the inefficiency, the despotism, and to a certain extent the unpopularity of the government in the Papal States. He admits the danger of the Pope being criticized for his failings as a secular ruler, especially when his authority was so widely delegated to other and possibly less scrupulous hands. Nevertheless, he realizes that "none of the arguments against the temporal power can touch the kernel of profound truth which the husk of the Papal States so long enshrined and which remains unaffected by their disappearance. It is that the Head of the Church, whose spiritual Empire is universal and supra-national, must himself be subject to no earthly power." This principle was the foundation stone of the Lateran Treaty. Its validity was recognized by Bossuet, no friend to the prerogatives of the Roman See. It was elucidated by Pius VII against the pretensions of Buonaparte in words which Dr. Binchy has quoted:

"In order that none of them (the secular princes of the earth) should feel justified in hampering the full exercise of his spiritual primacy by the head of our religion on the grounds that he himself was subject to some temporal prince, God has willed that the sovereign pontiff should possess a temporal sovereignty, independent of any Power."

Dr. Binchy goes on to remind us that there was nothing inherently anti-Catholic in Italian nationalism. Dante, supreme among Catholic poets, is honoured as the pioneer of Italian nationality. Manzoni, whom Dr. Binchy tells us was the favourite author of Pius XI (he is said to have known most of his works by heart), always supported the unifying statesmanship of Cavour. Italians were ready to admit, and indeed eager to claim, that the city of Rome represented a universal rather than a local idea, and none has been able to find any substitute for Catholicism. "The capital of the Empire of Free Thought", proclaimed by Garibaldi and Crispi, soon crumbled before the common sense and the uncommon piety of the Italian people. The capital of the "second Roman Empire" is crumbling visibly at the present moment. These notions appear provincial and perishable in contrast to the spiritual idea which has animated and preserved the Eternal City through so many centuries.

There were, then, compelling reasons for both sides to seek a

settlement of the Roman problem. The nature of the settlement depended, in the last analysis, on two men—Pius XI and Benito Mussolini—and the Lateran Treaty bears all the marks of a compromise between their strong and stubborn personalities. We are not likely to see a better portrait of the last Pope than Dr. Binchy has given us. Pius XI lives again in a memorable chapter—patient, intrepid, persevering, sensible and resolute. Like his saintly predecessor, Pius X, Achille Ratti had been born in the north of Italy, and had breathed the air of a newly united country. Neither was a “Roman of the Romans”; neither would willingly undo the great work of Cavour. Each was, by temperament, Conservative; Pius X with the conservatism of the peasant, and Pius XI with the conservatism of the middle class. The distinction is an important one, for the natural soil of fascism is a frustrated or a fearful bourgeoisie, and neither in Italy or elsewhere has it struck deep roots among the peasantry. Dr. Binchy thinks that Pius XI’s own preference would have been for a Constitution on the English model, but he does not disguise the Pope’s lack of sympathy with Don Luigi Sturzo and the Partito Popolare. Benedict XV, the aristocrat, had gone much further in encouraging the Christian democracy, which was attaining power and coherence in Italy during the years immediately following the last war.

The question arises in the reader’s mind whether Dr. Binchy does not place too unqualified a confidence in the Partito Popolare. His belief that it represented the best hope for Italy must be read beside the pessimism of his final chapter. If the ideas of Don Sturzo were as persuasive and as cogent as he thinks, why may not they prove, in the end, a solution for the Italian problem? Why should they not form the basis of our propaganda to Italy now? Or does Dr. Binchy believe that the Italian youth has been so corrupted by Fascism that it cannot return to a political ideal which is at the same time Christian and democratic? Is the triumph, however temporary, of militant secularism and the rude dissolution of the Concordat, if not the Treaty itself, the only prospect that he, with his great knowledge and balanced judgement, can hold out? If so, the outlook is even more melancholy than we had supposed. Indeed, it is such as to give encouragement to those who would still save a discredited and corrupt régime as the better of alternative evils.

However that may be, Pius XI declined to intervene on behalf of the Partito Popolare. He chose, but with fewer illusions than many people suppose, to make his treaty with the architects of the new Italy. Dr. Binchy quite disposes of the belief that the advent of Mussolini itself brought the opportunity of a settlement. On the contrary, there was every sign that both parties were already anxious for a solution. The secularism of the Risorgimento was wearing

very thin, and it is easy to see now that under a régime at once more traditional and more democratic than Fascism the treaty would have found a much more enduring basis. Nor is there much doubt that Pius XI himself would have preferred this; it is always better to make an agreement with someone who is liable to keep his word. The Lateran Treaty was essentially a compromise, and its durability depended on the goodwill of an opportunist régime.

Dr. Binchy does not deny that it suffered from this insecurity. The continual quarrels with the Fascist government on the matter of education; the Pope's denunciation of State idolatry in "non abbiamo bisogno"—a document striking at the very roots of Fascist philosophy; the temptation for the Italian clergy to take their political morality from the Palazzo Venezia—as shown during the Abyssinian War: all this is evidence of a deep disharmony. Dr. Binchy so clearly regards Pius XI as a great man and a great Pontiff that he can permit himself some respectful but plain speaking on the Pope's widely publicized reference to the "hour of the triumphal happiness of a great and a good people". Whatever views one may hold on the ethics of the Abyssinian War, few will question Dr. Binchy's verdict that those words were unwisely spoken on the morrow of an Italian victory. No doubt the Pope would have preferred the Lateran Treaty to be secured by an international guarantee, but this would not have been acceptable to Mussolini's sensitive and self-conscious nationalism. Similarly, the new Vatican State would have gained in real independence if its economy had been buttressed in gold rather than in Italian State Bonds. Under a different régime these ameliorations might have been possible. They would undoubtedly have helped to answer the common objection that the Vatican City was really the prisoner of the Fascist State.

The conclusion of Dr. Binchy's argument is that Pius XI and Cardinal Gasparri made the best of a not very good job. He shows the Pope's increasing awareness of the totalitarian peril. What had begun as a form of government was ending as a "Weltanschauung", excluding any outlook but its own. He saw, with marked anxiety, the approximation of Italy to Germany. It was, perhaps, the fear of this that dictated his caution during the Abyssinian crisis. He believed in the power of the Church in Italy to soften the asperities of the Fascist régime, and in this he was probably right. There is nothing in the behaviour of the Italian people during the present war to show that they share the cynicism and the treachery of their government. Deeply imbued with the horror of Bolshevism, the Pope came to realize that German totalitarianism was an equal menace to Christianity. His attitude to the political, as distinct from the religious, issues of the Spanish Civil War was conspicuous in its reserve. Authoritarian by nature, he had a deep distrust of Liberal

Democracy, and this dictated his sympathy for the more moderate forms of the Corporate State. But those who were always ready to brand him as a philo-Fascist should remember his condemnation of the "Action Française"; he did not forget that Maurass was the intellectual master of Mussolini. Yet towards the end of his life the Pope came to place his surest hopes in France, where an integrated Christian democracy was in process of formation. He saw, very wisely, that the first condition of democracy is self-discipline. Many people today would share his belief that in reconciling democratic and Christian principles the French Catholics were showing all Europe the way. But beyond that he knew how strongly the totalitarian tide was running on either side, and that is why he offered his life for peace. We may believe and hope that Christian civilization will survive the battle; we have no right to assume it.

Dr. Binchy challenges controversy in one of his later chapters when he criticizes the English Catholic "intelligentsia" for their philo-Fascist sympathies. Dr. Binchy states a well-worn case with great courtesy and moderation, and much of it may be conceded to him. But it must be remembered that among the controversies of a largely post-Christian world the Catholic finds himself facing in two directions. This is inevitable, however much it may confuse his judgement and hamper his effect. On the one hand he sees the menace of atheistic Bolshevism. He sees, too, how quickly a Liberal Democracy may succumb to it, for it is in the nature of Liberalism to dissolve the supra-political institutions of the State. On the other hand, he sees authoritarian government harden into the vilest despotism; he sees an absolute power corrupt absolutely. Between the two he would like to make his own *Via Media*, but there are times when the pressure of extreme forces is too great for a *Via Media* to be made. Then he may be compelled to give his qualified support to one side in order to avoid the unqualified domination of the other. He has, in a word, to exercise his prudential judgement, and prudence is a difficult virtue.

I think it is perfectly true that many Catholics in England accepted the Italian Fascist State at its face value, although none of them would have identified themselves with the grotesque apologies of Major Barnes. The traditional English love for Italy did, undoubtedly, blind many people to the bitter and shoddy realities of the Fascist régime. A government is not Christian because it puts the Crucifix in its schools; it is only Christian when it puts the Crucifix in its conscience. The Abyssinian War, for instance, raised the deepest questions of international morality, and I think that Dr. Binchy is perfectly justified in his view that they were burked by many English Catholic publicists. No doubt it was highly desirable to prevent the consolidation of the Axis by retaining Italian friend-

ship, but—for the Christian, at any rate—friendship can be bought at too high a price.

In fine, this is a magnificent book, and a quite indispensable guide to Italian affairs. Dr. Binchy gives every argument its due weight, but I do not see how anyone can dissent from his conclusion that, in spite of any appearances to the contrary, no synthesis is really possible between the Catholic religion and the philosophy of the Fascist State.

ROBERT SPEAIGHT.

- (1) *A Comment on British Democracy*. By Sir Hector Hetherington.
 - (2) *The Temper of British Ideals*. By John Laird.
 - (3) *The British Method of Government*. By A. K. White.
 - (4) *British Political Institutions*. By Andrew Browning.
 - (5) *The British Way in World Trade*. By A. L. Macfie.
- ("The British Way" pamphlets, Craig and Wilson, 70 Bath Street, Glasgow, C.2., 1s. each.)

"MEN have met with angels here." The quotation from Bunyan with which Sir Hector Hetherington introduces the first of these pamphlets is more fitting as a commentary on the whole series probably than any of the authors think. That is not to say that their conception of the British spirit resembles the well-known cartoon in which the Briton stands on top of the world, carrying a cricket-bat, looking stupidly devout and sprouting angel's wings. It is more moderate, more serious and far truer than that. For man meets with angels, touches them in the scale of being, by that which is highest in him, his intelligence; and the more he cultivates the highest power, the more his personality (which is defined by intelligence) is developed: "*La personnalité grandit dans la mesure où l'âme s'élevant au-dessus du monde sensible, s'attache plus étroitement par l'intelligence et la volonté à ce qui fait la vie de l'esprit*" (R. Garrigou-Lagrange, O.P. *Le Sens Commun, La Philosophie de l'Etre et les Formules Dogmatiques*, p. 333). As it is the function of society to develop human personality, to enable its members to become fuller men, the British Commonwealth, which has so admirably adapted its institutions to man's highest needs, may not unfairly be said to have brought its members to a meeting-place with angels.

Not that anyone regards our institutions as perfect, still less the men who control them. The first pamphlet opens with so sombre a picture of the situation in mid-August 1942 and so severe a condemnation of the politicians responsible for our pre-war weakness that the author is compelled to admit: "It is an enterprise which calls for some apology." All are aware, too, of the dangers inherent in the general war situation: the restriction of liberty, the anxiety about post-war conditions, the contrast between the swift efficiency of the dictators and the dangerously slow methods of democracy. They concede that

the system left much to be desired in the past and that its improvement, or even preservation, in the future is dependent on the constant vigilance of its beneficiaries.

The general description is, however, encouraging. We are reminded of the long traditions of British parliamentary government, the accumulated experience of legislators and the people they represent, and of the flexibility of our institutions and the sturdy independence even of the unfranchised, which are consequent on this age-old security. The devices whereby the system is maintained, necessary changes quietly effected, and adequate representation of the whole nation secured, are explained in detail, though with varying emphasis, in the first four pamphlets. The last considers Britain's position in world trade, her achievements in the past, the contributions she has to make to the material welfare of the community of nations in the future.

Democracy, we are reminded in the first pamphlet, is more than a system of government. To secure its preservation there must be health in other spheres of social life: the family, industry, the schools. In all these there is room for reform at the present time, to enrich the personalities who live in them and render them capable of adding to the spiritual wealth of the whole community.

If any pamphlet in so excellent a group can be singled out for special praise, it is Dr. Laird's. As the title implies, he goes beyond the machinery of government, and is not content to accept the usual phrases about the Englishman's lack of logic as an adequate expression of our outlook. Something deeper than this is required to explain even a part of the success which British democracy has achieved. His introductory meditation on the English language goes further than many treatises to explain the secret of our persistence:

"There is also a certain connection between the range and complexity of the English language and the range and complexity of Britain's national existence in all the opulence of an insularity that is drawn and tempted by near and distant seas. If the viol were 'cased up', or if its multitudinous strings were touched only wistfully and in memory, too much would be lost for sentiment to assuage."

We can still speak that beautiful language, we can use it to criticize the Government, ultimately even to overthrow it and bring about a representation more adequate to the nation's needs. The conditions, however, of its use are intelligence and freedom. The first of these is cultivated as well as anywhere in the world by our present educational system; here, too, there is room for change, but not so much as to alter its variety and thus to impoverish our national character. Freedom from political pressure and arbitrary interference by govern-

ments is secured by the independent judiciary. Dr. Laird has some very penetrating observations on English toleration. This is not due, as is often claimed, to indifference, but to the Englishman's respect for religion and his desire to maintain its independence of State control. "We are even a mystical people", he adds. Yet he is not afraid to admit the crude and base motives which often led to the acquisition of Empire and the bad administration which followed it; in fact, the picture is still dark. The essential point is that, both in the Empire and at home, the British system has not fallen very far short of the limited success which can be expected in human affairs and it still offers prospects of a future that is mainly, if not wholly, bright, and presents an example from which no nation can fail to learn something.

The high lights of Mr. White's pamphlet are his bold treatment of the criticisms of British methods put forward both by discontented democrats and admirers of dictatorships, and his insistence on the *organic* character of the system. The elected member of the House of Commons represents not only his party, the majority who voted for him, or even his constituency. He has a responsibility to the whole nation, and must try to discover its needs and reasonable demands, by listening to the promptings from outside Parliament and by discussion within it. Through discussion, too, the personality is enriched by contact, the intelligence enlightened; and the compromise reached by this method does not involve the abandonment of principle, but only a practical concession which makes life easier and fuller for the whole community. But while it is necessary to bring about radical changes in the relations between industry and the State, for the commonweal, the author's conception of "benevolent" planning appears to frustrate that development of personality which it is the State's purpose to serve. "Under benevolent planning, men will be free to express their individualities above the line of organized relationships but not below it, in cultural pursuits but not in service activities like industry. In the latter cases public service and functional rights will take the place of personal liberty." Does this not involve a stultification of humanity, which has a natural tendency to impress property with the distinctive mark of the owner as well as an impulse to express itself in art forms? Some restriction of liberty, for the sake of the common good, is necessary in both spheres, but there must also be left a margin of freedom if the industrialist is to be as happy and as responsible a member of society as the artist. This is only a passing reference in the third pamphlet, but it is a vitally important question of principle, too often overlooked at the present time.

Dr. Browning discusses in some detail the relationships between hereditary monarch, government of the day, permanent officials, Lords and Commons, and the ordinary citizen. Not only does he explain

the check which each element places on the others, but also the positive contribution which each makes to the welfare of the body politic.

The last of these pamphlets looks beyond Britain, to Europe on the one hand and America on the other, recalls the functions which we have exercised through our favourable position in world trade, the reasons for the collapse of the old system and the prospects for the future. Our experience, our more direct contact with the continent of Europe, should be combined with American resources, not (as Isolationists fear) to increase the wealth of Empire but to create economic health in the whole community of nations. In a word, we have to aid other States to provide the material conditions of a richer human life, for the development and perfection of personality, and thus bring mankind as a whole a little nearer to the angels.

EDWARD QUINN.

Gerard Manley Hopkins: Priest and Poet. By John Pick. (Oxford University Press: Humphrey Milford. 196 pp. 8s. 6d.)

"THIS poet," Bridges observed of Hopkins, "always has something to say"; and the comment suggests both the strength and the limits of Dr. Pick's book, a book which is both a biography of Hopkins and a commentary on his poetry. For Dr. Pick, in pursuing his main theme, which is the religious thought and development of Hopkins, as illustrating, and as illustrated by, the poems, for the most part avoids technical considerations in discussing the poems in order to concentrate on the "meaning". The reader whose primary interest is in the poetry may look askance at a procedure which may seem to assume the possibility of separating what a poem is from what it is "about". And, indeed, the "manner" in Hopkins is of special importance, just because he took for his theme the greatest and best known of facts, which are religious and supernatural facts: God, "ground of being and granite of it", nature as God's creation, the dynamic transcendental relation between God and his work (a relation which holds the universe in being), and, in man, the "stress" of the divine attraction and redeeming activity. Now the greatest difficulty facing the religious poet is that his theme is familiar and trite: how shall he force the reader to confess that his verses, as Coleridge said of Wordsworth's, "are *fresh*, and they have the dew upon them"? Yet that is Hopkins's achievement. If Wordsworth

laid us as we lay at birth
On the cool flowery lap of earth

enabling us to see with new eyes the beauty of common nature, Hopkins wrought a greater miracle, making the apprehension of a higher reality a concretely felt experience. And if Hopkins succeeded

in being more than abstract, if he not merely drew a map of the spiritual world but built a microcosm, it was largely owing to his technical discovery and creation—his Sprung Rhythm. For sprung rhythm is uniquely fitted both to give expression to realities beyond the normal scope of poetry and also to control rigorously the experience of the reader, compelling precision, compelling, so far as any technique can, the finely discriminated, and not the "stock", response.

Yet it remains that the "meaning-as-statement" of poetry is important; and it is particularly important in Hopkins. And if anyone thinks that Dr. Pick is labouring the obvious in developing his thesis that poet and priest are inseparable in Hopkins and that Hopkins's poetry was profoundly influenced by the "Spiritual Exercises" of St. Ignatius, he should read the review of this book in *The Spectator* (2 October, 1942), where Mr. W. J. Turner expresses the view that Hopkins's poetry was no more affected by his being a priest and a Jesuit than Wordsworth's was by the fact of his being a Stamp-Controller. The fact that there are others besides Mr. Turner who find Hopkins's poetry difficult is ample justification for this book, which gathers together the results of much interpretative work by previous writers.

Not that one always finds oneself in agreement with Dr. Pick's exegesis. There is no "demon" in "Carriion Comfort" (No. 40); it was with God that Hopkins wrestled. In No. 46

Patience who asks

Wants war, wants wounds

does not mean "Patience, who demands of one that he suffer war and wounds . . .", but "He who asks God for patience is asking for war and wounds". But my main quarrel with Dr. Pick concerns his interpretation of the sestet of "The Windhover" (No. 12). This reads:

Brute beauty and valour and act, oh, air, pride, plume, here

Buckle! AND the fire that breaks from thee then, a billion

Times told lovelier, more dangerous, O my chevalier!

No wonder of it: shéer plód makes plough down sillion

Shine, and blue-bleak embers, ah my dear,

Fall, gall themselves, and gash gold-vermilion.

Dr. Pick, interpreting "buckle" as "crumple", takes the opening sentence to mean that the windhover, "when its flight is crumpled", becomes a symbol of "self-immolation". But this interpretation, besides involving a sorry anticlimax, does violence to the plain implications of the rhythm, which expresses the shock and glory of conflict. Only at "No wonder . . .", two lines later, does the

excitement die as the rushing pace is abruptly stilled in an extraordinary change of tone and tempo. Surely the *primary* meaning of "buckle" here is "plunge into the fray", "join in close combat", as in Shakespeare's line:

And hell too strong for me to buckle with.

The thought, surely, is that finer than ornamental repose or debonair security (mere "air, pride, plume") is the beauty that shines forth in perilous attempt ("valour and act"); the idea is similar to that in "Strung to duty is strained to beauty" and "Honour is flashed off exploit". Never is the windhover so beautiful as when he challenges the gale. The idea of dedicated service thus hinted at is made explicit in the "plough" image that follows; the dedication in the title, "To Christ our Lord", puts the reference to the Incarnation beyond doubt. But it is only in the second of the two triplets into which the sestet falls, sharply divided (as the poet's spacing emphasizes) as well in mood as by a long pause, that the idea of the Passion enters; and it seems doubtful if its introduction there, though it rounds off the thought, is altogether happy or poetically right (as it is, for instance, in "The Wreck of the Deutschland"); the distance traversed in mood and, in spite of the mediating "fire", in imagery is possibly too great. The spiritual "inscape" behind, or in, the poem is exactly that of the famous "kenotic" passage of St. Paul (Phil. ii, 5-8), a passage by which, as we know from the Letters, Hopkins was profoundly touched, and which, in the Revised Version which Hopkins here accepted, presents a similar development of thought. "Chevalier", and "buckle" in the sense of the armed encounter of knights, presumably reflect the chivalrous "keepings" of St. Ignatius's Meditation "On the Two Standards".

Dr. Pick's portrait of Hopkins the man is excellent. His sympathetic insight reveals Hopkins's extraordinary charm and nobility of character, as well as the poignancy of many of his days. Perspective is well kept, except that Hopkins's incapacitating ill-health is post-dated; it is plain from the Letters (e.g. to Bridges, p. 31) that it dated at least from the seventh of his twenty-one years of religious life. The chapter on the poems that originated in the priest's pastoral work, and that on "Dublin and Desolation", are particularly well done. The continuous and final impression made by Dr. Pick's book is one of its hero's grandeur of character, of a devotion that might wince but never wavered.

It is unfortunate that even quotation of the *Spiritual Exercises* not only need not remove, but may actually foster, a false view of their real nature and of the character the making of the Exercises is calculated to produce. Short of *making* the Exercises, probably the best

way to see what it would be like to make them is to read, not the *Exercises*, but Mr. Lewis's *The Problem of Pain*. For the *Exercises*, though their end is practical, are primarily intellectualist, in the sense that what is central in them is the Christian synthesis; their foundation is a statement of the ultimate *facts*, which condition, and by right determine, human and Christian experience: God, creation, man, the Fall, sin, the Incarnation, Passion, and Resurrection. In the *Exercises* as given or made the first emphasis is on the Allness of God. It is a grave, though not uncommon, misconception to view the *Exercises* as essentially a "manual of election", and in consequence to suspect "Jesuit spirituality" of laying a (presumably unhealthy) "emphasis on the will" (a phrase adopted by Dr. Pick, though he makes no accusations). Of course, since the structure of reality determines man's proper place in the scheme of things, and since man is free to wreck or to perfect, through grace, God's work, choice is of immense importance. For intellectual natures are not made perfect from the start, nor do they attain their full stature automatically; unlike inanimate creation, they do not glorify God of necessity, but have to choose to do so. Man, further, unlike the angels, needs constantly to reaffirm his choice; and he has to reckon with the effects of original sin. Thus the formal *aim* of the *Exercises* is to enable a man to frame an ideal and choose a way of life, with eternity in view and in the light of Christ's example; but their *substance* is the Christian facts and story; they are God-centred, not man-centred. Since, for obvious reasons, the *development* of the great facts is left to the director or exercitant, to judge the emphasis of the *Exercises* by the apparently disproportionate amount of space given in the book to questions of approach, and to spiritual and, in a wide sense, mystical instruction, is like judging a play by the producer's note-book. The real emphasis in the Ignatian tradition is on the majesty of God, the duty and delight of praising Him, and the personal love, imitation and companionship of Christ.

These considerations, besides helping us to understand Hopkins's life and poetry, are relevant also to another question inevitably discussed in such a book as this: How much did Hopkins lose, and how much did he gain, by becoming a Jesuit? No doubt there was loss; but the loss could only be assessed in relation to a defined alternative. There is, after all, danger in a poet's being just a poet; and there is danger in his being anything else. On the one hand, poetry is a function of life, and experience is necessary for it; yet the man who sets out simply to "collect experience" falsifies experience from the start. On the other hand, any profession makes demands on time, and is to some extent limiting. What is certain is that the choice Hopkins actually made led him to meditate for years on "the first Experience", the exemplar and condition of all reality and

experience, to gaze on and be moulded by the noblest vision. The massive and throbbing rhythm, the excitement and restraint, of the first four words he wrote as a religious represent the effort to express that vision and reality:

Thou mastering me,
God! . . .

The gulf between his early work and "The Wreck of the Deutschland" is unbridgeable.

Gerard Hopkins might—who knows?—but for "the Jesuit discipline", have fashioned his art after the manner of the "new Laokoon"; or he might have been merely "Nature's priest". But as it was, deliberately rejecting mere "air, pride, plume" in favour of a sterner beauty, he learnt to discern even in nature a quality and a rhythm which only a Christian sensibility can know; and he came to fulfil the condition Milton declared to be necessary for the production of true poetry, that a man "first be a true poem himself".

A. A. STEPHENSON, S.J.

Habit and Heritage. By Frederic Wood Jones, D.Sc., F.R.S., F.R.C.S. (London: Kegan, Paul. 5s. net.)

PROFESSOR WOOD JONES's studies in social biology are well known and are always welcomed even by those who do not entirely agree with him. He is a scientist of a type dear to Catholic tradition in that he uses his specialized knowledge to illuminate universal problems. In this small but extremely interesting book he returns to an attack on an old enemy, namely the generally accepted doctrine that acquired characteristics cannot be inherited. This thesis he considers scientifically unsound and dangerous to mankind owing to the deductions which have been drawn from it. The appalling state of the world today gives him a text for an admirable sermon. To explain our miseries he looks deeper than the mere failure of political systems which prevent the "voice of the ordinary man from being heard". Is that voice now worth hearing? "The moral and ethical standards of the bulk of ordinary men have gone awry; the failure to appreciate high standards, and not the failure to enforce them on others, is at the root of the matter." For this breakdown he lays much blame on misinterpretations by scientists of the Darwinian phrases such as "the struggle for existence" and "the survival of the fittest", which have been widely employed to justify brutal selfishness and a defeatist attitude towards bad moral and social conditions. Equally dangerous misuse has been made of the teaching that acquired characteristics cannot be transmitted, and therefore the effects of environment are unimportant.

"This modern perversion of the science of genetics teaches that a

human stock which for some reason is assumed by some people to be the fittest should be bred from as we breed from stud animals in husbandry, and that human stocks adjudged to be less fit should be eliminated." Translate "stock" into "race", and we find ourselves right in the middle of the present world chaos. It is only fair to say that while the Nazis have been carrying these racial doctrines to an insanely logical conclusion, and no nation has kept wholly untainted, the world of science has moved on and has already rejected many of the socio-biological errors of a generation ago. The modern eugenicist may, as Professor Wood Jones complains, use a jargon so highly technical as to be almost unintelligible, but he is much less dogmatic than his predecessors in applying imperfectly understood natural laws for the alleged improvement of the human race.

Meanwhile, very considerable mischief has been done and will not be easily undone. Cheap generalizations about heredity and the "unfit" are condemned as old-fashioned by the ablest eugenicists and sociologists nowadays, but pass as the most up-to-date wisdom among the public. Professor Wood Jones has therefore thought it well worth while to re-examine the foundations of orthodox scientific belief in the non-inheritability of acquired characters. He has little difficulty in showing that Darwin never held the theory in the absolute form in which it is commonly understood, and that Weisman's belief in the complete separation of somatic and genetic cells (in which so much of the argument depends) is open to serious criticism and modification. To counter the objection that no examples of the transmission of an acquired character can be found in nature the author advances three major instances in fields in which he is a master. The first example is of changes in the long bones of orientals who traditionally adopt the squatting position; the second is derived from studies in the hair patterns of furry animals; and the third (which is of surprising interest and complexity) is drawn from the reproductive system of marsupials.

It would be idle to pretend that this evidence, brilliantly as it is presented, is finally convincing, and much ground must clearly be fought over before the ancient controversy can be regarded as closed. But Professor Wood Jones has provided valuable inspiration for questioning on scientific grounds those philosophically false genetic doctrines which have created such havoc in our generation.

LETITIA FAIRFIELD.

St. Thomas and the Problem of Evil. By Jacques Maritain. (Marquette University Press, Milwaukee. Pp. 46.)

FRENCH *savants* now resident in the U.S.A. are busy pot-boiling; and who shall blame them? But the conclusion of M. Maritain's Aquinas Lecture for 1942 (arranged by the Aristotelian Society of Marquette University) shows an advance of the highest importance, in the present

writer's view, in the treatment of this fundamental question. (It is true that a first sketch of it was given in *Humanisme Intégrale* (p. 85: Eng. Trans., p. 68), but this was too slight to be effective.) The view here expressed on the analysis of human acts and the parts played by God and man in their production is surely that of the average reflective theist who is not a "theologian". Yet it is regularly maintained by theologians that there is no middle way between the Molinist view of the co-operation of God and man, which destroys God's omnipotence, and the High Thomism of, for example, P. Garrigou-Lagrange (*De Deo Uno*, pp. 543-548), which requires the "permission" of God "ante praevisa demerita" at the origin of sin. As against these two excesses, M. Maritain (who does not refer, however, to the last-mentioned view at all) finds clearly implied in St. Thomas (in particular, *de Malo* 1, 3) the answer that all that is positive comes from God, but that the will's freedom is itself a "negative and deficient primary cause" (p. 26), that there is "an *absence of act* of which created freedom has the initiative" (p. 32); while on the other hand, "when the creature does not take the initiative of nothingness, then divine motion or grace merely sufficient or breakable fructifies of itself into *unbreakable* divine motion or into grace efficacious by itself" (p. 38).

For long there have been voices crying this in the wilderness; fairness compels me to say, at the risk of seeming to blow not indeed my own trumpet but a closely allied instrument, that the theory thus broadly indicated was first given definite expression in English, so far as I am aware, by Dom Mark Pontifex ("Predestination", *Downside Review*, Jan. 1939). To show the bearings of the theory in any adequate way is impossible within the limits of a review; still less could the objections which might be urged against it be satisfactorily treated. Yet the absence of any contradiction between the omnipotence of God and a *negative* priority on the part of creatures can be recognized at once by those who have not been habituated to the regular Thomist theses on grace and freedom. Does M. Maritain realize the tremendous implications of his conclusion? It means nothing less than the end of the deadlock created by the *Congregatio de auxiliis* nearly two hundred and fifty years ago. That this conclusion should be reached by a Thomist of such eminent respectability is an immense satisfaction for those of us who regard with almost equal horror the anti-metaphysical rejection of efficacious grace, and the contradiction implied by the official Thomist view of it, implying as it does the doctrine of "negative reprobation", the doctrine of P. Garrigou-Lagrange already mentioned. In our apologetics, today so especially concerned with the relations between man and God, this has been for long the skeleton in the cupboard. It has resulted in illegitimate recourse to mystery in a matter where natural reason must find the answer. The answer leads us, it is true, into a region of obscurity, but there is all the

difference between an obscurity and an *impasse*. We all say that God "is in absolutely no wise the cause of moral evil" (p. 37); the point is that the Thomist theologians when pressed on this question of causality have proved unable to retain the principle.

To say more on the general subject would be to launch too far. Only certain points of detail can be treated here. In the first part of the lecture (on the meaning of the existence of evil) M. Maritain quotes St. Thomas's mysterious remark in the 48th Question of the *Prima Pars*: "... if there are beings who can fall from goodness, the result will be that such defection will in fact occur in those beings". And he unhelpfully comments: "For if it is in the nature of things that an event can happen, this event actually will happen sometimes" (p. 6). This is a *locus communis* of scholastic writing; there is no attempt to show how the consequence follows—it is simply taken for granted. Yet it is surely far from obvious. The conclusions of this first part of the lecture are prejudiced by M. Maritain's method; he twists and turns, throwing out incidental remarks about "conditional" and "inefficacious" desires which his audience must have found very hard to understand, and side-tracking them (fatally, one imagines, in many cases) by an appeal to the "darkness of faith" (p. 9). The real point here is that the philosopher who is unaware of man's original elevation to the supernatural state, his failure to retain it and his restoration to it by the grace of Christ, will be baffled by the present condition of our world. He simply lacks the information required for the answers to a certain set of questions. But he is not unable to perceive those general principles underlying our relations with God which constitute the substance of the answer to the general philosophical enquiry in this matter of evil. He may even accept the supernatural order by a judgement of credentia (some at least would say) which is not an act of faith, his formal object being not yet that of the theologian's although the matter of his thought is the same as the theologian's. To describe the superior illumination of faith as "darkness" in such a context as this is most unfortunate, and it is symptomatic of a point of view which occasionally appears in this first part, although the main conclusion of the lecture should militate against it—a point of view which can only be referred to here with provocative brevity as that of unphilosophical theology.

But there is much of value besides the main conclusion. The end of the first part of the lecture does draw the threads together (for those who have not lost them) most effectively. The final words ("sin—evil—is the price of glory") have been justified. M. Maritain brings out admirably the difficulty which we experience in pinning down this *negation* which is the clue to the real problem. It is, as he well says, a *non-acting* (p. 45). St. Thomas's thesis that evil lies in acting without reference to "the rule" is insisted upon at some length to show that an

evil choice is a choice which follows this "non-consideration" and therefore bears the "teeth-marks of nothingness" (p. 32). It is, in other words, the choice of a merely apparent good and shows discrepancy. M. Maritain is emphatic that "the non-consideration of the rule is not yet the sin" (p. 30), yet two pages later he calls it "so to speak the spiritual element of sin". This is confusing, but he has provided the materials for a full analysis and the theory's main lines are unmistakable. The importance of the question for our age is well urged in conclusion, and a sentence in the final note demands quotation: "It might be said that when he avoids the divine motion towards good, man is no freer than when he accepts this motion and acts for the good, but he is *more alone*". Mrs. Gordon Andeson has done a great service by putting this lecture into English in a way which leaves M. Maritain's thought in no sort of doubt; it is perhaps only the intervening Atlantic which makes some expressions seem a little queer.

DOM ILLTYD TRETHOWAN, O.S.B.

A Biography of Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone. By Sean O'Faolain. (Longmans. 15s.).

SEVERAL Irish historical periods separate us from that Elizabethan Ireland which is known as a jungle of myths and only interesting to English readers through the Essex expedition and Shakespeare's allusions.

The greatest myth spread by native writers was of a Super-chief of the O'Neills battling for the glittering old Gaelic civilization against a New Order imposed by English Deputies. Mr. O'Faolain, a novelist with style, has thrown himself into the jungle and silhouetted a crowd of contemporary characters. Without being a systematic historian, he has slashed the State Papers and out of the picturesque tatters fashioned a similitude of the great Earl, which other historians cannot destroy, for they have only the same material and, in nine cases out of ten, inferior pens to Mr. O'Faolain.

Ireland has always lamented that she had no Walter Scott to deal with her historical legends and romances. The late Standish O'Grady came near to being an Irish Waverley in his own period. But Mr. O'Faolain could carry Sir Walter's mantle.

He does not belittle Tyrone, but he shows that he was the first Irishman to become a man of the Renaissance: that the Arch-rebel for twenty-five years avoided war with England. For six years he fought his war, winning the Battle of the Yellow Ford. But losing at Kinsale he passed into exile and blindness in Rome; and out of that darkness arose the Myth, which Mr. O'Faolain has put in its place.

Gathering all the possible authorities, he has spun his yarn. His style alone makes it the most readable book in Anglo-Irish letters since Mitchel's *Jail Journal*. The Elizabethan scholar must not mind the

spate of modern references. Guerillas and Commandos are doubtless the best terms in which to describe Irish warfare, though the contemporary English-correspondents were not so polite.

O'Neill himself baffled all description. Half a savage, half a Renaissance exquisite (his clothes alone put him high in the Tudor sartorial annals), he rose to be a great European figure and make-weight. Popes and kings hung anxiously on the Irish "bulletins" of the day, for was he not a leading champion of Catholic Christendom clad in glittering armour? He amazed the English courtiers, who dubbed him "cousin to St. Patrick, friend to the Queen of England and enemy to all the world beside"! This has been his label in the English history books. He was a good deal more. He was the only Irishman who has dominated the imagination of Europe except O'Connell. Our author rightly compares him to Parnell. His great and final battle at Kinsale was far more important than the Boyne.

He was educated in England. Sidney kept him at Ludlow Castle when he "would have met another child whose fame was almost to be as great as his own, Philip Sidney, then aged five". He was sufficiently "civilized" to become Earl of Tyrone, and it was only late in life that he allowed himself to be proclaimed "The O'Neill" on the sacred stone at Tullyhoge. He was less the Patriot Hero than the feudal Knight in revolt against his lawful Queen. How else explain the long patient reluctance to take arms, the eventual submission on his knees and the lachrymose scene when he received word of Elizabeth's death?

It was not only the grasping settlers and English armies he had to clear from his rising path, but Gaelic and family aspirants. "He had removed, murdered, overawed, outmanœuvred or persuaded every possible rival." The State Papers always reflect his character in phrases worthy of the Tudor. Writers were harassed and haunted by the great Earl. "Tyrone will cress the three Furies of *Penury, Sickness and Famine* upon Her Majesties armies that are to assail him in Ulster." Almost to English ears he was one of the Horsemen of the Apocalypse.

The long dreary campaign was a farce. O'Neill knew that he could not meet the English army face to face, so he fell back on sorties, sallies, raids and all the technique of partisan warfare, fashioned to the bogs and forests, which then entirely covered Ireland. On the English side, "if the war bulletins of 1595 to 1600 were to be credited, the whole of that struggle, in which Elizabeth lost army after army, money by the million and honour every day, was one long dazzling success".

That he was able to hold up the Queen's armies until after the Queen's death showed that he was "an able politician and an able general and the only big man in all Irish history from beginning to end of that dual order".

What did he hope for from that long, indeterminate struggle, lit up

by his one superb victory of the Yellow Ford when he defeated his brother-in-law Marshal Bagenal? Incidentally, though bitterly accused of Mabel Bagenal's seduction, he had himself married to her by the Protestant Bishop Jones, whereafter she died a Catholic—truly a mixed marriage!

He must have hoped for an Irish unity based on the O'Neill Kingship while offering feudal homage to the Queen. He was buoyed between two alternative allies: the King of Spain or the King of Scotland. He sent his hereditary crowner O'Hagan to offer James the Crown of Ireland which the Stuarts refused. Had James accepted then instead of waiting till he had succeeded Elizabeth some mighty change should have been given to Irish history. At least "that contact marks the beginning of the Irish Jacobite allegiance". It is well known that the Irish Catholics were to be more loyal to the Stuart dynasty than the English, whose kings they properly were.

James's refusal led O'Neill to turn towards Spain, and it was in succouring the Spanish expedition at Kinsale that he met his first but final defeat.

Henceforth there was no place or part for him in Ireland. His Gaelic confederacy melted about him, and rather than rot in the Tower of London he fled to Rome, where he died, blind and broken but mythically greater in his death than ever in his lifetime. On the great slab in *San Pietro in Montorio* is recorded "*Hic quiescunt Ugonis Principis O'Neill ossa*". His body was said to have been translated "nobody in Rome today knows whither. Irish pilgrims climbing out of Rome finish at an empty grave."

So ends a very dazzling, blood-blotted book in which an Irish Academician does honour to the Irish Academy by writing of the canonized past without scruple, fear or favour. Catholic and Protestant, Gael and Saxon all fall under the sickle of Mr. O'Faolain's pen. For style and splendour it is worthy of Tudor setting. Granted modernisms and allusions which startle a little, we have sheer delight in the literary power. We have not the knowledge, nor the references at hand, to check a hundred points. For instance, the present Earls of Leicester at Holkham date from 1837 and are not the Leicester Earls of Tudor times. There is no more connection than between the title of Tyrone held by the Beresfords and the same title held by the great O'Neill.

Historians must judge whether Mr. O'Faolain is one of them. We only know that Ireland has a writer.

S. L.

The British Empire, 1815-1939. By Paul Knapland. (Hamish Hamilton. 18s.)

It is surprising what a poor literature there is about the British Empire as a whole. The parts have their classics, of African travel and

exploration, or sea voyages. But the great political achievement has produced little in the way of great writing, and, what is equally surprising, the epics of the pioneers are also unwritten. Those who went and settled the new countries were not gifted for letters, and the succession of writers who made the tour of them, like Trollope and Froude, achieved personal travel books with a certain value for the social historian; they did not achieve history. This volume from Wisconsin has great merits, within the classification of its kind. It is a careful and equable record, the best known to this reviewer of the one volume compendious chronological accounts, and for reference to the political history of new countries. Its 850 pages contain a great deal, and it is equipped with a long bibliography and good maps. It is an icebreaker through ignorance. But the attempt to group so much intelligibly in order of time only serves to bring out how little unity there really is in the subject matter. The historian of the British Empire as a whole is dealing with all the continents, and with a number of policies being pursued independently of each other from Whitehall. With the countries that are now the Dominions the policy was always to hasten the development of local institutions, to diminish and get rid of the home Government's responsibilities. With Africa and the Pacific islands the policy was to avoid incurring commitments, but to incur them if it looked as if some other power, generally France, would otherwise step in. With India and Malaya there was, on the contrary, a much fuller sense of commercial opportunity and a much greater readiness to assume power. The Indian connection in the East, like the West Indian connection, went back long before the days of the liberal philosophy, and the government of those countries was already a fact and a tradition.

It is doubtful how far it is sensible to write Imperial Economic history as such, apart from local histories, when so much of it in the last century is part and parcel of something much wider, the export of British capital, and the emigration of British families to new countries promising a higher standard of living. Thus Disraeli complained in 1872 of the great mistake it was in to confer self-government on overseas communities, and not to reserve to the Mother Country, which had acquired these lands and defended them, permanent rights of settlement, rights to the undeveloped lands, mineral wealth and so on. What was done was to make a present of these immense assets to the small populations, already settled in those countries, so that they became the sole judges, whether or not to admit any further settlers. Disraeli's reasoning was ineffective at the time because it never occurred to the majority of English public men to think of economic development in monopolistic terms: The growth of the United States was providing much the bigger field for English emigrants, and much the bigger fields for British capital were outside

the British Imperial system. They were America, North and South, Europe and Asia. British expansion and prosperity was not based on a political Empire, but on a world trade, which protection of any kind diminished. English statesmen were accordingly anxious to set an example of equal opportunity for money and for men. In retrospect it is arguable that they could have done very much better than they did had they retained control of the undeveloped lands, and made bargains, allowing access to British Imperial markets, instead of only to the United Kingdom market, in return for British access to foreign markets. But such a policy would have meant facing and overcoming political difficulties in the last century, in order to reap advantages in this century.

Professor Knapland will no doubt find a continuing demand for his book, and he should add to it a much fuller chapter on the African colonies since 1902. They are here overlooked all too completely, yet the past forty years are of immense importance in their history, and they are today the main centre of Imperial interest. Nowhere has the transition in half a century been greater, from the days when the Government expected to leave development to private hands with all the abuses of the Imperialism of the 90's, to the present highly responsible spirit, which threatens if anything to leave insufficient scope to non-government agencies. We are long past the day when it was thought reasonable to say that colonies must themselves finance their own policies. But there are very few colonies which do not need private capital as well as Imperial funds, like the Colonial Development Fund. Such capital will not come if the prospect is that it will be increasingly taxed, and that political movements will grow up, which will treat the outside investor as a foreign exploiter, whose property should be taken away from him.

DOUGLAS WOODRUFF.

The Catholic Pattern. By Thomas F. Woodlock. (Simon and Schuster, New York. \$2.).

THE Catholic writer may approach the modern crisis in two ways. He may describe the actual situation, the dangers inherent in it and the evils which have to be overcome, then examine the good elements and outline a policy of co-operation and encouragement to which the Catholic Church will make a notable, and perhaps the greatest, contribution. Or he may start by asserting the position of the Church in the most charitable tone but in such uncompromising language as Bainvel uses in the first of his theses *De Ecclesia*: "*Christus Ecclesiam ipse instituit per modum societatis distinctae visibilis, in qua esset, extra quam non esset Christiana religio.*" Mr. Woodlock has chosen the latter method, and, though his vigorous English is a little less stark than theological Latin, goes on to insist also that only in the Catholic

Church is there to be found firm teaching even about natural morality. The difference is solely in technique, not in principle. The more conciliatory approach leads, in due course, to a clear statement about the unique claims of the Church; and the bold initial assertion excludes neither recognition of the Christian spirit in other groups nor a readiness to co-operate with those who sincerely repudiate the specific Catholic claims. Mr. Woodlock knows his public well, and he is probably justified in thinking that the uncompromising approach will rouse attention and lead to effective action more easily than the other.

There is still plenty of scope for the use of the first method in England, but Mr. Woodlock's book may well be supplementary to our efforts. For something more startling than a general readiness to co-operate is required to shake the complacent intellectuals who can display such lack of logic as to accept Marxist materialism after acknowledging that this philosophy "presupposes the idealism it refutes and cannot exist without it". This seems, to the reviewer at least, to be complete unreason and impossible to meet with even the most charitable arguments.

In the first half of the book Mr. Woodlock gives in plain language a general outline of Catholic teaching. This is an excellent piece of work, simple, concise and accurate. Only on p. 50 some phrases might be changed to bring out the fact that it is not baptism of desire *in itself* which supplies the place of baptism by water, but perfect charity which includes the desire to be baptized if this were known to be God's will.

He proceeds in the second half to examine the evils of the time in the light of this Catholic pattern and rightly sees them to be due to "grave aberrations of thinking at the 'top'". An example of this has been given above, from one of our more important reviews. It is thus unfortunately necessary to be reminded again of the *trabison des cleres*, the reality of which may be forgotten through the very familiarity of the cliché. The most alarming feature is not the fact of immorality, but the amoral outlook behind it: "Modern 'frankness' denies the law that the 'Victorians' knowingly broke". Nor is there any need to apologize for the chapter on the arts, as a "digression". It is very relevant to the main point, as the cultural decadence affecting the masses had its origins in the unreason of the intellectuals. Mr. Woodlock's comment on modern dancing has its parallel in an essay written by Stefan Zweig in 1925: "Today millions from Capetown to Stockholm, from Buenos Aires to Calcutta, begin at the same time the same dance, following the same five or six short-winded, impersonal melodies". Perhaps he would not wholly agree as to the source of all this decadent uniformity: "*Jeder, der drüben gewesen ist, weiss es: von Amerika.*" But he would follow the lines of Zweig's solution, urging us to return to the authentic sources of our being, to rediscover our natural inner

freedom. This will bring us to nature and to God. And, Mr. Woodlock would add, to the Catholic pattern, which, based on revelation and the disciplined use of natural reason, extends not to supernatural truth only but to all reality, notably to human things.

EDWARD QUINN.

France. By Pierre Maillaud. (Oxford University Press. 3s. 6d.)

THIS book takes a high place in the excellent series to which it belongs, and it will have served its purpose if it reminds the British public of the nature and the necessity of France. M. Maillaud is rightly concerned to revive the Entente as a principle of British foreign policy. A fraternal understanding between Britain and France is for him, as for all sensible people, the indispensable basis of European peace and the sovereign guarantee for European civilization. Perhaps that is why it has no place among the planners' platitudes. M. Maillaud sees the German danger as endemic; the Teutonic tide will always flow westward until a strong dam is built to check it. The core of the European problem is precisely this—that, for reasons of demographic inferiority, France is unable to hold the dam alone.

M. Maillaud makes it clear that Frenchmen realize this inferiority. They are a logical and therefore, perhaps, a pessimistic people. By the end of the last war they had lost one and a half million of their best manhood, and with it the faith in their own strength to meet another onslaught from the east. That was why they encircled Germany with the bayonets of Czechoslovakia and Poland. But their loss of faith was deeper than they had themselves supposed. A new and perilous defeatism betrayed itself when a French government allowed Germany to remilitarize the Rhineland, with no more than a rhetorical protest from Paris. All our subsequent disasters stem from this fatal lack of nerve. Indeed, it is a little odd that people who had accepted the French indecision of 1936 should have been surprised at the French capitulation of 1940. Each was due to a deep-seated and corrosive scepticism at the heart of the political body.

Some of the reasons for French weakness were honourable. The French genius has always cared more for quality than for quantity, for perfection than for power. It has believed in the virtues of an agricultural economy. It has revolted against the Philistinism of mass-production. But some of these virtues had gone sour. The peasant's pride in his farm had all too often degenerated into a pathological avarice, and his military virtues, which had saved France on a dozen battlefields, from Valmy to the Marne, had become softened by a selfish pacifism. Furthermore, a large section of the bourgeoisie, the very class, as the anarchist Kropotkin pointed out, which had been created by the Revolution, turned its back on democratic ideals, even if that meant turning its back on France. In fact, the vitality of

France was no longer chiefly in her soil; it was more often in the new industrial centres, where the Marxism of the proletariat was met by a deep spirituality, a thirst for social justice, and an ardent patriotism springing from the working-class itself.

M. Maillaud asks himself the question—must France renounce the nicely balanced economy, which has made her the centre of European civilization, in order to take her proper place in an age of steel and iron? To a certain degree, he says, she must. But surely, if Europe is to be considered as a unity, a place must be kept for those values which have made France what she is. If the sense of man's dependence on, and relation with, the soil is lost in the pursuit of pride and power, we shall all be lost with it. There are signs that the France of 1943 is realizing that a fertile country is useless without a fertile population. It was the shameful sense of this which helped to create the spiritual defeatism of the Armistice. In France, as elsewhere, the birthrate is the most chronic of all national problems, and it is a good sign that Frenchmen like M. Maillaud are at last aware of it. No one, however, has yet shown how an industrial civilization, which progressively dispenses with man-power, is going to offer a creative life to many more millions of men. We may have to go back before we are able to go on.

M. Maillaud shows how the French political weakness showed itself in an "intellectual and moral Hamletism". Many of us who travelled in France became aware of the Chinese Wall, which enclosed—all too ineffectively, as it turned out—the values of French civilization. It also engendered a selfishness which is inseparable from self-regard. I do not think, however, that he quite does justice to the richness of contemporary French culture, either in philosophy or art. Bergson was approaching the Faith, which Gilson and Maritain had reached by a more rational path. Claudel and Valéry were writing some of the most beautiful poetry in the French language. Bernanos, Mauriac, and Julien Green, Montherlant and Gide, were producing fiction of extraordinary subtlety and power. Rouault and Matisse, Vlaminck and Picasso were still painting; and there had, in the last twenty-five years, been a notable revival of French music. No doubt all this activity reflected the tension, the crisis, of our times. It had, inevitably, a great deal of Hamlet's complexity. But it had, also, a self-awareness—a diagnosis of disease and a prescription for health—unequalled in its intensity and truth.

M. Maillaud gives an excellent summary of French civilization from the time of Charlemagne. He underrates no element which has gone to its making. But I do not think he sufficiently realizes how deeply a country depends upon its institutions. The fact remains that France has found no supra-political authorities to put in the place of the Crown, the nobility and the Church. It is clearly doubtful if

royalism is practical or wise politics at the present moment. Nevertheless, the restoration of a king may become inevitable. France must find a principle of unity, or perish. Her own history has shown what happens when a people destroys its élite, even for intelligible reasons. It has shown what happens when it destroys the hereditary principle. A society in which everything is up for competition quickly becomes a society where everything is up for sale. The history of France has shown, above all, what happens to a population when it ceases to believe in Eternal Life. Democratic politics are suicidal unless they are practised within a framework of ideas, and embodied in institutions, which all parties will respect. The French are not a very respectful people, and they will only find their unity when they find something to command their reverence. It is, perhaps, in the last analysis, a question of how far the Revolution must be repudiated and how far it can be baptized.

ROBERT SPEIGHT.

Art Notes, 1942. (Volume vi.)

THESE four numbers contain studies the more valuable perhaps for their compression. Joan Morris has, it would seem, thrown down an apple of discord by her stimulating article on the Influence of Religious Orders on Art. She argues, with illustrations from modern work, that the great Orders standing for diverse approaches to God have fostered styles of art correspondingly distinctive. The Benedictines aiming primarily at the beauty of right order have developed a symbolic, abstract, and rhythmic art; the Dominicans, aiming at truth, have produced a conceptual art between the symbolic and naturalistic; the Franciscans, seeking simplicity, gave birth to a naturalist art; and the Jesuits, aiming at goodness, inspired the emotional and imaginative art of Baroque. If these distinctions are understood too strictly they are open to the criticism brought elsewhere against them. But Miss Morris no doubt has in mind only tendencies which have appeared in the art produced by or under the aegis of the great Orders. But she should perhaps have pointed out that the distinctive artistic aims and styles were largely determined by the predominant forces of the period when the Orders arose or flourished. Franciscan naturalism represented a turning-point in the development of the Western mind. Baroque and the Society of Jesus were twin births of the Counter-Reformation.

Mr. Dales's remarks on the possibilities of unexpensive beauty should be taken to heart by all priests who are planning to build a church.

Professor Newlandsmith sums up a sound philosophy of art as being the expression of ideas by material forms. Pioto's art of rhythmic line, studied and illustrated, grew upon me. But his

grouping seems rather confused. And whatever does his Greek myth mean? The art of George Rouault, appreciated by Robert Speaight, seemed at first repellent. But its power and pathos imposed themselves. On the other hand, Houghton Brown's *Betrayal* is grotesque, the art of a child. If an historic scene is portrayed, symbolism does not excuse the representation of men as shapeless monsters.

Katerine Wilczynski's drawings of Baroque architecture are charming. At the risk of offence to the moderns, I venture to express my conviction that a form of Baroque simplified and, if I may so term it, economized, which is not a contradiction in terms, should be the starting point of modern sacred art.

E. I. WATKIN.

The Song of Bernadette. By Hans Werfel. (Hamish Hamilton. 10s. 6d.)

To see our saints as others see them is always stimulating: to see the character of St. Bernadette as revealed by the Jewish Herr Werfel, well known in Austria and Germany as poet and playwright, is to recognize a portrait by the hand of a master who has caught the true likeness of his subject and shown her personality to posterity with the skilled insight of a Holbein.

Henri Ghéon, in his admirable *Secret of St. John Bosco*, declared that his subject demanded a film rather than a biography; readers of this work will be surprised to find that here, in a novel, they have the real Bernadette—calm, simple, tranquil, unspoilt and unassuming; child of the Soubirous Cachot; patient asthmatic; *confidante* of the Mother of God; extraordinarily ordinary nun.

"How difficult it is to be simple!" Alice Meynell once exclaimed; perhaps that is why childlike simplicity is the most difficult quality to describe. Herr Werfel shows the depth of Bernadette's imperturbable simplicity in the face of publicity, scepticism and persecution. The characters of Dean Peyramale, Hyacinthe Lafite and the Soubirous friends and relations are vividly portrayed in these pages, but Herr Werfel is less happy in his efforts to give life to the nun, Mère Marie Thérèse, Bernadette's Mistress of Novices, whom he depicts as a monster of spite, hypocrisy and jealousy; the scene in which he describes the nun sleeping with a peach on a plate by her bedside is perhaps the only piece of false psychology in the book. "The lady, Bernadette considered, who had always called people to penance, had never forbidden them to eat peaches. Why shouldn't one eat them? Bernadette wished that the sister would bite into her peach. But the rigid figure of stone remained lying on the day-bed till the setting of the moon." The customers of the Café Progrès, the patients in the Hospital of the Seven Sorrows, the townsfolk of Lourdes are things of flesh and blood in this novel; the nuns, with

the exception of Bernadette, are stock figures which entirely fail to convince.

How well Herr Werfel describes Hyacinthe Lafite's reaction to the commercialism of Lourdes! "The sacred trash exposed for sale fairly took his breath away. A good many years ago Master Fabich of Lyon had succeeded in making the Carrara marble of which he had formed the Virgin look like oleomargarine. A thousand copies in screaming plaster of this piece, from which Bernadette had averted her face in misery, were exposed for sale, further vulgarized by the acidulous blue of the girdle. It was a Babylon of religious trade-goods." Dr. Dozous takes Lafite to the Hospital and thence to the Procession of the Blessed Sacrament and the Blessing of the Sick. "He who had despised numbers as a conglomerate of low instincts and low interests now felt the devout behind him become a single loving incorporeal body that helped him more and more. Without any other sensation the writer Lafite now also sank upon his knees and murmured into the grotto of the lady the familiar words of the angel's greeting and of his mother's lips and his own childhood. There was no new element in his consciousness. But he knew that the emptiness, the critical emptying of the soul's content of which he had once been so proud, had always been fulfilled by a certainty which was merely being unveiled and brightened as by a breaking fog. There is no such thing as a conversion to faith, only a reversion, only a return. For faith is not a function of the soul. It is the soul itself in its last nakedness."

"I see in the holy Catholic Church," Herr Werfel wrote to the Archbishop of New Orleans, "the purest power and emanation sent by God to this earth to fight the evil of materialism and atheism, and to bring revelation to the soul of mankind. That is why, although standing *extra muros*, I have made it my purpose to support with my modest and humble abilities the struggle which the Catholic Church fights against those evils and for the divine truth." Familiar on the bookstalls and rapidly running through new printings, this choice of the Book Society will probably bring many souls back to the Church: St. Bernadette and the Lady will probably see to it that the author, having saved many others by pointing the way to the gates of the City, will not himself be left long lingering outside.

A. W. P.

Letters of Herbert Cardinal Vaughan to Lady Herbert of Lea. Edited by Shane Leslie. (Burns Oates. 18s.)

WHEN Herbert Vaughan was a boy at a Jesuit school in Belgium his schoolfellows christened him "Milord Roastbeef". A Vaughan of the old English squirearchy as he was, there was Spanish blood in his veins and in his nature, impetuous, arrogant, domineering. As a

young priest, Wilfrid Ward, a man not over-apt to take a romantic view of men or things, noticed his "extraordinary beauty; aquiline, fearless, in appearance an ideal Sir Galahad". The photograph of this book's frontispiece shows him in latter years: stately, dominant, every inch a cardinal. To other men he was impressive and formal as a public occasion: effective but limited. He is held in the gilt and convolutions of the frame like a great portrait, a portrait very much "in the grand manner", and so slightly conventional.

Now Mr. Shane Leslie has brought to light another portrait, a portrait so intimate and quick that the maker did not notice he was painting it: the portrait shaped in the letters, written between 1867 and 1903, by Herbert Vaughan to Lady Herbert of Lea. Herbert Vaughan met Lady Herbert when he was struggling with the foundation of the Missionary College of Mill Hill, and Lady Herbert, christened in almost nervous admiration "Lady Lightning", who was related to half Debreton, was struggling under the double shock of the death of her dearly loved husband, Sidney Herbert, and the domestic storm raised by her conversion and the struggle for the religious education of her children. To each the other gave something inestimable. Lady Herbert brought all the resources of her interest, her capacity, her active passion for service, her insatiable need to give, to the assistance of the causes, the good works, the temporary efforts in which Herbert Vaughan's life was involved, from Mill Hill to reviews for *The Tablet*; Vaughan responded with a touchingly simple gratitude and a wise patience and felicity of touch in spiritual direction, as sensitive as it was sagacious, delicate and fine as light. The *bravura* of Lady Herbert revealed in him a grace, a *finesse*, a sensitive play of humour and sense not otherwise easily guessed. He was not an original thinker. He says nothing startling, nothing new. His pattern is the simple copybook phrases. But at his touch they suddenly become fresh. It is as if in these letters one heard them for the first time: with the sudden, ordinary, extraordinary light of printed words that sound like speech and lines of commonplace writing as unforgettable as a smile. It is as clear, as difficult to define as a bar of sunlight. These letters convey to the reader the moving, unforgettable impression of a personal letter addressed to oneself. One does not so much read them as know something living.

"All these things," he writes once, "are signs of the Cross and belong to God's work: but they are wonderful for taking the poetry out of the plain matter of fact." But there was a fire in Herbert Vaughan's heart, a love for the missions, for the negroes, for children who might so easily lose the Faith, that puts the poetry back: shy, delicate poetry, overheard, guessed maybe rather than heard; the backwork of the tapestry maybe from which great poetry is made; what Browning called "How it strikes a contemporary".

It moves within limits. Across these pages falls a great shadow, which sometimes, even in the degree to which things are not said or noticed, docks the sheet of its significance: the tremendous transit of Manning. The very resonance of the name makes obvious the many things which Herbert Vaughan never saw. His great enduring monument is Westminster Cathedral, and in the great space of that Cathedral he lies almost secretly, like a watchdog at the feet of a crusader, beside the small, almost shy chapel of the Sacred Heart. It is a fitting conclusion to these letters and their image. Otherwise a reviewer of this book is in a difficult position; all the illuminating, intelligent things one might discover from them have been already discovered. Their perfect review was written by Bishop Matthew in his *Catholicism in England*, in the pages that picture Herbert Vaughan. And Bishop Matthew wrote in ignorance of the self-portrait of this correspondence. Herbert Vaughan would have appreciated so admirable an instruction in humility, as though done by his own light hand.

MARGOT R. ADAMSON.

The History of the Primitive Church. By Jules Lebreton, S.J., and Jacques Zeiller. Translated from the French by Ernest C. Messenger, Ph.D. Vol. I. (Burns Oates. 16s.)

THIS is a translation of the first volume of a French work of Church History which (under the editorship of M. Augustin Fliche and Mgr. Victor Martin) is designed to extend to twenty-four volumes and intended, with the collaboration of a large team of experts, to achieve a commensurate scientific importance. The first two volumes are devoted to the history of the Primitive Church, and this first volume treats of its origins, as set forth in the New Testament.

There are introductory chapters outlining the pagan and Jewish worlds that formed the setting of the Gospel history. They are skilful, useful summaries, although rather too loosely adapted to their purpose. There is a good deal that is disproportionate or comparatively irrelevant. That two pages should be devoted to the Essenes and no more than three to the Pharisees may give a hint of a lack of realistic, close-knit method which marks the book as a whole.

P. Lebreton then provides a conspectus of the Synoptic history, amounting to hardly more than a lengthy paraphrase of the Gospels. It is well done and certainly useful in its way, but it is hardly in keeping with the scholarly pretensions of the book. There is scholarship in control, but the work is conducted at a very elementary level. As throughout the book, whatever *is* provided of critical judgement or discussion is supremely competent, and the bibliographical notes are most valuable; but the most serious problems of the subject are only slightly touched on, if at all. For example, the most acute and

pressing problems concerning the historicity of the New Testament are scarcely noticed, and there is not a word about Form Criticism.

There follows a similar treatment of the Acts, with a brief account of the Pauline Epistles in their chronological turn. Zeiller then devotes a very good chapter to the career of St. Peter, with especial regard to its Roman phase. And finally P. Lebreton treats of St. James and the Church of Jerusalem and of St. John and the Churches of Asia, taking Epistles and Fourth Gospel in his stride.

The work provides a very useful summary of the Scriptural material, an excellent map which anyone less than expert in the subject would find of the greatest help.

But there is a more serious kind of superficiality to be found in this book which is bound up with its very outlook and approach. It tends to present a slightly diluted, secularized version of the Scriptural history. It sets out the material very usefully, while failing to impose on it sufficiently deeply and vitally its inner Scriptural sense and interpretation. The events are deprived of too much of their transcendent, mysterious significance. The failure to draw deeply enough on the Old Testament as a source of historical understanding is the precise measure of this weakness.

RICHARD KEHOE, O.P.

The Landslide. By Stephen Gilbert. (Faber & Faber. 7s. 6d.)

SOME books are too slight for review in a Quarterly: some are too impossible, and some too brilliant. *The Landslide* has facets under these three categories. It is slight because it is a wonder fairy-story. It is impossible because it records the arrival of prehistoric beasts in a distant corner of Ireland, thanks to a dislocation of cliff. It is brilliant, for in over 200 pages the author carries on the situation without seeming to be telling anything that he has not actually seen.

In some ways he is more convincing than Gulliver, though he has to deal personally with such difficult characters as a dragon and a sea-serpent. What he achieves is to produce a perfect *vraisemblance*, thanks to the child-narrator and his grandpapa. The reactions are well brought out in the neighbours, the domestic animals and the parish priest, who very properly exorcizes the dragon which he finds lying asleep in his church.

Conveniently the dragon and the sea-serpent speak as lucidly as though they had strayed out of Alice's Wonderland: but we never feel we are far away from Loch Ness. H. G. Wells, in his *Food of the Gods*, is nowhere its equal.

It is a strange and satisfying book, not without its spiritual issues. As a study in delicious improbability it may well survive as a specimen of our best and highest fiction in a distant age which will have forgotten the ten thousand romantic novels of today.

S. L.

Poetry (London). No. 7, October–November, 1942. (1s. 6d.)

THE most interesting contribution to this number of *Poetry* is a debate between Mr. George Orwell and Miss Kathleen Raine on the merits of Mr. T. S. Eliot's last three poems. Mr. Orwell's criticism is nearly always stimulating, but he is not at his best here. One might share his view that "there is very little in Eliot's later work that makes any deep impression" and still think that his description of it as "gloomy Pétainism", which "mumbles about prayer and repentance", is merely impertinent. He shows his own hand when he attributes its inferiority to the earlier work to "a deterioration in Mr. Eliot's subject-matter", and we are not surprised when we are told later in the article that "the Christian churches still demand assent to doctrines which no one seriously believes in" and "intellectual absurdities" of their members. The bluff no-nonsense attitude is very much overdone and counters like "reactionary", "progress" and "fascist" are circulated briskly to hide the absence of critical distinctions. Miss Raine has no difficulty in dealing with the Orwell outlook, but her case for Mr. Eliot strikes me as unproven.

The Editor and Mr. Francis Scarfe contribute articles on poetry which suffer from too many generalizations. There are forty pages of verse by a number of our younger practitioners and two drawings by Henry Moore.

MARTIN TURNELL.

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